The Writings of William H. Erb

Written by William H. Erb

Part Two

1937-1938

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William H. Erb (1870-1940):

William H. Erb was born in 1870 in Green Lane, Pennsylvania. He went on to attend Perkiomen Seminary and Ursinus College. His first Deitsch poem, "*Die Dollar un die Cent,*" would be written in 1899. His later Deitsch writings would often appear under the pen names "Gus" or "Gus Blipencil". Much of his poetry would go on to appear in Preston Barba's *Eck*, but before his death, Erb himself had been assembling a book of Deitsch poetry that would never be published. The prose and poetry included in both volumes of this text appeared in *The Republic* between the years 1933 and 1938.

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Publish Date: 29 July 1937

Title: Announcement of "*Die Buva am Shtor*"

ing to identify a wax dummy.

ACH! KANNST DU DEUTSCH SPRECHEN

More Pennsylvania Dutch to Appear in This Paper In Weekly Column.

A feature of The Republican which in years past met with favor in the eyes of all in this community who could read Pennsylvania Dutch, was a poem or article written in Dutch. William H. Erb of Norristown has consented to furnish The Republican with a weekly column entitled "Die Buva Am Shtor," which, of course, will be written in Pennsylvania Dutch. Starting next week this column will be a weekly feature of this paper.

Great interest is being manifested in Pennsylvania German folklore of late, but unfortunately many of the quaint and unique customs and beliefs peculiar to the Pennsylvania German (Dutch, if you prefer) are disappearing and may soon be forgotten. Mr. Erb is one of a group of men interested in collecting riddles, songs and games which were the life of the social affairs of the past century, in the Pennsylvania Dutch settlements.

Publish Date: 19 August 1937

Title: ***Reddy fer Shtima***

De Buva am Shtor

Reddy Fer Shtima.

Die buva do am shtor hen sheer all g'registert un hen nau's recht zu shtima. Sie hen shun hends g'shittelt mit etliche fun denna bolitician kerls, awer mer sicht sie noch net segaers shmooka. Des registera war ken so'en ufzug wie die buva ersht gemaent hen; yusht der alt waeg war goot genung, claimt der Levi, un won sie bsheisa wolla, kenna sie doch. Er hut recht.

Die buva warra am shtim blots eb die deer uf war. Der Donnie war ebissel gepuzzelt wie sie ihn gfrookt hen wie shwaer er weega daet. Es ersht hut er gsawge er daet net fiel weega; er deat sei grumbeera, un was er so het, ferkawfa beim moas, un wonner ebbes shwaeres weega mist, daet er als en woog laena.

Selle dinta-shlecker, wo dert rum hucka, hen herzhaftich gelacht iverm Donnie sei joke, awer sawga sie mista wissa was sei gewicht waer in'de borfees. Sell hut er aw net gewist. Er hut sich noch immer gewooga mit seina shu aw, awer er daet denka es waer so about was en drei-woch kalb weega mecht. Sie hen ebbes he gshreeva un der Donnie g'past.

Der grumbaenich Hen hut aw wennich druval katta bis sie fertich warra mit ihm. Er hut nimmie gewist wo er gebora is. Er hut sei dawfshei ferlora, awer er is gewis das er irits uf die welt kuma is, so het ennichau sei mem als gsawgt. Er hut aw net genau sawga kenna wie feel er messa daet, awer er waer sex zul lenger won sei bay grawd waera. Sei hor warra als brau-roat, awer nau is er so gro wie en felt kerbs. Die lection kerls hen ihm no sei shtim zettel gevva.

Die Mommy hut awer net uf g'signed. Sie glaubt net an des weibsleit shtima. Sie claimt der fraw ihrer blots waer dehame in de kich un sie het ken bisniss an der lection rum zu leiha. Die Mommy bezawlt awer ihra kup tox.

DER GUS.

(English Translation)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

Ready for Voting.

The boys here at the store have nearly all registered and have now the right to vote. They have already shaken hands with a good many of these politician fellows, but we do not yet see them smoking cigars. This registering was no such an up-pull as the boys at first believed; just the old way was good enough, claims Levi, and if they want to cheat, they can just the same. He is right.

The boys were at the voting place before the door was open. Donnie was a little puzzled when they asked him how heavy he weighs. At first he said he does not weigh much; he sells his potatoes and the like that he has by measure, and when he has something heavy that must be weighed, he borrows a scale.

Those ink-slingers that sit around there did laugh heartily over Donnie's joke, but they said they must know what his weight is in his bare feet. That he also did not know. He always weighed himself with his shoes on, but he does think it is so about what a three-week calf might weigh. They wrote something down and Donnie passed.

Crooked-legged Hen had a little trouble too before they were through with him. He didn't know any more where he was born. He had lost his baptismal record, but he is sure that he came in the world somewhere, so had anyhow his mother said. He could not also say for sure how much he does measure, but he would be six inches longer if his legs were straight. His hair used to be bright red, but now is a grey as a field basket. The election fellows then gave him his voting certificate.

But Mommy did not sign up. She does not believe in women voting. She claims a woman's place is at home in the kitchen, and she has no business to lie around the election. But Mommy pays her head tax.

GUS.

Publish Date: 26 August 1937

Title: ***Kosht Zwae Dolar***

De Buva am Shtor

Kosht Zwae Dolar.

Sie sin shun witter bissy am lectioneera un hen die seck foll segaers. Es warra epawr kerls do am shtor der anner dawg un warra so freintlich wie mei alter Shep won ich als rei kum fum butcher wawga mit'ma beef shtake in'de hond. Dee kerls sawga uns won die anner set nei kaemt, gingt, meiner himmel, alles zu grund, mer graechta greek eb en yawr rum waer, un die sei daeta uns ferrecka im shtal. Sie hen's so greftich gemacht das mer sheer's glawva mus.

Der Donnie, unser kunshtavler, dut aw witter ronna. Awer noch en kerl neksht am Hexa Kup hut aw sei hoot im ring fer sell amt, un der Donnie mus sich ferdunnert husla. Mir buva sin awer en hunnert per cent fer unser Donnie. Er hut nau zwae yawr erfahrung katta, un in all selle zeit sin uns ken hinkel gshtoola werra, warra ken weedicher hund im township, un is kenbauer en hoy shtock ab gebrent. Wie der Levi secht, mir wissa was mer hen, awer wissa net was mer graecht.

Es hut awer der Donnie zwae dolar gekosht, bei hookey, fer sei nawma uf der dickey greea. Fer eweil hut's gsheint wie won er ferleicht net ronna daet, er hut net gans genung gelt katta. Awer der Mike, unser shtorkipper, is zu hilf kuma un hut ihm drei-un-neinsich cent gelaent bis welshkern boshtes. Bezawla fer uf der dicket zu kuma is en shtawl neia law. Der horich Hen maent es waera so feel neia laws mer wist die helft zeit net was mer du darft, der shreef mecht ainnicher dawg kuma un uns all ei shtecka.

Es kumt als may un may, secht er no dert druf als er in seim shtruvlicha bockabort rum grotst wie en hund mit flay, das yusht leit mit'ma folla gelt beitel lawfa kenna fer en goverment amt un uf waecha shteel hucka so epawr shtun der dawg un ebber shunsht dinga fer'de arwit du.

DER GUS.

(English Translation)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE.

Costs Two Dollars.

They are already busy electioneering and have the pockets full of cigars. There were a couple fellows here in the store the other day and were so friendly as my old Shep when I come in from the butcher wagon with a beef steak in the hand. These fellows tell us if the other set comes in, goes, my heaven, everything to the ground; we will get war before a year is round, and the hogs will die for us in the stall. They made it so graphic that we almost had to believe it.

Donnie, our constable, does also again run. But a fellow next to Witch Head has also his hat in the ring for that office, and Donnie must hustle himself like thunder. He has now had two years' experience and in all that time have us no chickens been stolen, there was no stray dog in the township, and there is for no farmer a hay stack burned up. As Levi says, we know what we have; we know not what we will get.

But it cost Donnie two dollars, by hookey, for to get his name on the ticket. For a while it did look like, perhaps, he would not run; he had not quite enough money. But Mike, our storekeeper, came to his help and loaned him ninety-three cents till corn husking. Paying to get on the ticket is a very new law. Hairy Hen thinks there is so many new laws we do not know half of the time what we dare do; the sheriff might come any day and stick us all in jail.

It comes yet more and more, say he furthermore, as he scratches his strubly sidewhiskers like a dog with fleas, that only people with a full money bag can run for a government office and sit on easy chairs a few hours a day and let somebody else do the work.

GUS.

Publish Date: 02 September 1937

Title: ***En Gelaerter Hor Shneider***

De Buva am Shtor

En Gelaerter Hor Shneider.

Em shlover Danny sei shwesters bu hut des bolveer hondwerk lerna wulla, awer nau hut er net genung shuling. Er is ebissel hert lernich un is net weiter kuma in'de shul wie der fours reader. Sei dawdy hut als gemaent sell waer genung lerning fer ainnicher hor shneider. Awer die nei law secht es waer net, bei hookey. Ainnich ebber, shwarts oder weis, der in die bolveer bisniss will, mus nau im haegshta reader sei in'de shul un mus no noch en examination nemma fum government eb er en single hor fum-ma blud keppicha ab shneida darf.

En hor shneider un bolveerer is nau ken hondwerks mon may according zu law, er is in'de klos mit dena geils ductor un shulmeshter un so anra hoch gelaerta leit. Er mus en license havva un aw en wissenshaft shein ei gfraemt an'de wond henka in seim tonsorial parlor. Der nawma barber shop is zu common.

Als mir buva so blaudera fun dera neia barber law, klupt der grumbaenich Hen sei shtinkiche peif aus un secht er kent der dunner net saena ferwas en hor shneider maener lerning havva mist wie en fendu groyer. Er secht er gingt ale moal zum'ma barber im shtettel un es waer ken bessera hor shneider zu finna uf weit un braet wie seller; er kent goot deitsh un aw ebissel english das mer fershtae kent, awer er het seilaeva gans wennich shuling katta, in fact, er is net weiter kuma wie der primer. Nau seller kerl daet net passa, awer er kon links un rechts bolveera un hor shaera mit'de awga zu.

Der Levi maent won all die hor shneider so hoch gelaert waera, kenta so commona kerls wie mir buva kaum may en gshpraech mit'na halta. Er secht er waer als moal hong won's noch eweil so fert gingt, darft nemond may shu flicka wonner kent college diploma het.

No hen mir ebbes haera brumla im horiche Hen seim shtruvloche bockabort das sheer laut wie wonner sawga daet es waer zu dum. Der horich Hen is die mensht zeit recht.

—Der Gus.

Publish Date: 09 September 1937

Title: ***Warta fer der Zwet Dish***

De Buva am Shtor

Warta Fer Der Zwet Dish.

Der anner Sundawg war der Sam un sei Lovina do hinna am Shtengel Shwom uf bsuch beim Sam seim bruder, der Obbie. Der Obbie hut en shaene bauerei, en dicka fraw, en shtall foll fetta sei, un siva kinner. Er hut aw en lut hinkel, awer es sin nau epawr hahna wennicher. Wie der Sam uns buva ferzaelt warra selle hahna Plymouth Rock. Sei Lovina hut ennichu en zaw ab gebrocha am'ma hahna shenkel. Sie hen blenty gekuchta hahna katta, zwae grossa deller foll, awer es is gans wennich ivverich gebleeva fer der zwet dish un die siva hungerricha kinner.

No gaet der Sam hame mit seim shtor sach, un der Levi shtaet uf fun'de bonk uf'de shtor borch un shtelt sich so shep wetter der awbin poshta. Er secht er daet, bei heck, die kinner fun herza drin dauvera won bsuch kaemt, sie mista immer hinna draw shtae un warta fer der zwet dish. Er wist wie er so'en grutser war hetta sie als warta missa, un abottich won der parra un sei fraw der gewest waera fer essa. Der parra het als so long gebaet un so shrecklich longsam gessa waehich seim shlechter mawga, das sie als sheer ferhungert waera. Ihra glaeno meiler hetta als gewessert das ihra hemmer nass fershlovert warra als sie der parra gewatcht hetta die hahna shenkel ab suckela un dee gravy fum deller dunka.

Der Bill rollt no en chaw duwack aus'em maul boll so gros wie en banty oy un claimt so ebbes waer net gans recht un shriftlich, parra order ken parra, es waer die unshuldiche kinner gepeinicht. Wie sie so kinner warra dehame, secht er, sin sie aw als net an der ersht dish kuma won sie ebissel grosarticher bsuch katta hetta. Er secht er wist recht goot wie won's yusht geshter gewest waer wie er un sei eltshter bruder an'de kicha deer moal gshtonna hetta un der parra gewatcht des letsht shtick kerbsa custard nemma. Sei bruder het no so drauverich gsawgt, "Nau gaena mir fer'de kee, Bill, der alt fres-hans hut's letsht shtick uf'em deller."

—Der Gus.

Publish Date: 16 September 1937

Title: ***Wer awhalt der Gwint***

De Buva am Shtor

Wer Awhalt Der Gwint.

Etlicha fun'de buva warra am huf eosa shmeisa un die ivvericha fun uns hen zugeguckt, all except der grumbaenich Hen. Er leit so shep uf'de bonk un broveert zu shloofa. aver die micka hen ihr Labor Day parade uf'em seim gsicht un allagebut sin epawr dershterich werra un sin in sei nawsa lecher gegrotelt un hen gemaent es waer en taproom. Sell hut der grumbaenich Hen nessa macha un fum shloof kalta.

Als der Bill sei peif aus glupt, guckt er die shtros nunner un sicht der Donnie der forwaeg raus kuma an zwae shteck. Die biva shtuppa huf eisa pitcha un mir gucka all als der Donnie die shtros her kumt, in yeder bond en shpatzeer shteckel. Mir Kenna der dunner net aus figgera was fericha duma nubba das er nau witter het. Er grickt alsmoal so shpells. Uf seim hem hut er en lut badges mit farverich bond das mer sei hussa draeger nimmie sicht.

Mir warra, bei hookey, gepuzzelt. Der Bill maent er mecht ferleicht fum hoy bora gfalla sei un en bay oder zwae ferbrocha. Anra maena er het ferleicht bertsel gromp oder sogar clambako. Aver der Donnie kumt so suppel wie en fill un shwingt die shteck, aemoal uf die seid un no witter uf'de anner, wie so kerls wo fanna an'de band her donsa mit longa shtecka.

Ains fun uns, ich maen es waer der Levi gewest, frookt der halbgebocka Donnie wie'a kuma daet das er an zwae shteck gingt. Er shmunselt wie die rin am'ma hickery bawm un secht er het die spatzeer shteck grickt an'de fair wo sie so ring shmeisa daeta. Er het ihna moal gewissa en drick oder zwae. Sei Mommy daet immer sawga wer awhalt der gwint, un er het.

Mir hen dezeit kaert er het feer shtun gebroveert un het ring gshmissa bie er ken cent may katta het. No het seller kerl ihm epawr so arem saeliche shteck gshenkt. Sell war fair.

—Der Gus.

Publish Date: 30 September 1937

Title: ***Mer mus Broveera***

De Buva am Shtor

Mer Mus Broveera

Der Donnie hut uf'de shtor borch kuckt mit'de peif im maul un en glaener shpeegel in'de hond. Mir buva hen ihn gewatcht. Er dut alamoal so narrisha dinger wie wonner epawr losa shparra havva mecht. Endlich frookt ains fun uns ferwas er in der shpeegel gucka daet mit'de awga zu. "Well, buva," secht er,"ich hab yusht saena wulla wie ich gucka daet im shloof mit'ra shmook peif im maul." No shmunselt er so kayoos wie wonner sich so halver shemma daet mit seina narhaeta.

Der Bill guckt no so shpetlich rum un maent es waer, meiner, himmel, gshpassich was duma nubba dael leit graechta. No frookt er der Donnie eb sei mommy ihn seilaeva falla het lussa uf der kup, sell daet em gern sei hern fershittela wommer ainnich hern het.

Sell waes der Donnie net, awer wie er so'en halb waegsicher shpringer war is er emoal uf der sei shtal gegrotelt un hut fleega wella, awer er is runner gfalla, bei hookey, in die sei ben. Die sei hen gemaent es waer en faula kerbs un hen ihn ferdunnert im dreck rum geweelt das sei mommy nimmy gsaena hut well ihra buh is. Fun selra zeit, wie mer haert, sheint er ebissel fershoova.

Do weil zurick hut der horich Hen en mish-gawvel gebreicht un is nivver zum Donnie ainy zu laena. Wie er he kumt war der Donnie im fuder gang un hut en pully fesht katta an seina shtivel rora un hut sich als uf un ab gezooga. Wie er der horich Hen sicht explaint er so sheepich er het yusht saena wella eb's wahr waer was sie claima doeta mer kent sich nea selvert an seina shtivel rora in'de hay zeega.

Der anner dawg war der Donnie im fawr-waeg un is he un her gshprunga wie ferrickt. Er hut als en zaea fuss awsprung genumma un no mit alla gewalt gejumpt. Er hut mir ferzaelt letsht Sundawg uf'em waeg hame fun'de kericht er kent der dunner net saena ferwas mer net ivver sei shawda jumpa kent, es waer yusht zaew, drei fuss. Awer er glawbt als noch mer kent wommer der emoal der recht fertel het. Ohna g'broveert, claimt er, fint mer nix aus.

—Der Gus.

Publish Date: 07 October 1937

Title: ***Sie duna net***

De Buva am Shtor

Sie Duna Net.

Yes siree, mr warra an'de fair en ganser dawg un hen uns g'blesseert wie en puppy mit zwa shwens. Mir warra gonga im Sam seim huckster truck, un sei Lovina war aw debei un der grumbaenich Hen. 'Sis en grosser truck; mer kent hendich epawr kelver druf lawda un het no noch blots fer en lut fuder seck un so shtuft.

An' de fair hut's gewivvelt mit mensha un yeders hut en yard shtecka in'de hond katta. Es war ae blots wo sie wasser crackers gevva hen fer free samples alla moal os mer dert ferbei is. Mir hen en ferdunnerte zeit katta mit-'em grumbaeniche Hen. Er is an sellem shtand he un her geluffa wie en hungericher monkey imma kevich, un hut so feel wasser crackers g'fressa os er gshtawbt hut alla moal dae er's maul uf macht wie wommer in'de mael kisht blowst. Er secht er faet wasser crackers gleicha, un es hut, bei hookey, so geguckt.

Mei Sus war awer ebissel g'disappoint. Sie hut nirits ken popcorn balla gsaena, un sie gleicht sie doch so, abottich die roata. Sie hut sich awer so'en dut foll woll candy kauft. awer wie mer ale secht es war gros gegrish awer wennich woll. No hut sie Bingo shpeela wella. Ich glawbt net an des gambla, doch het ich ferleicht nix gsawgt, yusht sie hut ne ken glick an so ebbes. Des gambla is net recht, abottich wommer ferleert.

Wie mir in's hinkel haus sin, frookt die Sus mich eb en hahna sei awga zu macha daet wonner graea daet. Ich hab, bei hookey, net sawga kenna un der grumbaenich Hen aw net, un doch warra mir um des fetter fee rum fun kindheit uf. Es is kayoos wie wennich os mer werklich saent was mer sicht.

Die hahna hen lustich g'graet im hinkel haus wie mer nei kuma, awer kens hut die awga zu gemacht. No sirree. Mei Sus daet nau gleicha zu wissa eb sie die flegel floppa eb sie graea oder noch-de-hond. Die buggers hen gar net g'flopt. —Der Gus.

Publish Date: 21 October 1937

Title: ***Grumbeera Inspector***

by India, he states: "If this creased cost of films and war tax.

De Buva am Shtor

Grumbeera Inspector.

Der anner owit wie der Levi hame is fum shtor, but er noch en hell licht gsaena in'de Mommy ihra kich un ihra Donnie am dish mit'ma bleipencil eiferich am shreiva un figgera. Fer ihm war en hawfa babeer un en lut uf'em buttom all fergritselt un foll ziffera. Der Levi is immer maener oder wennicher wunnerfitsich, un er shleicht an's fenshter im dunkela un watcht der Donnie, awer er kon net recht aus macha was er am du is.

Der neksht dawg dreft der Levi ihn aw hinna im grumbeera shtick mit'ma zoll-shtawb in'de hond un alla orta farviche carta. Er hut dert so ruhich uf'ma felsa kuckt wie en katz won sie watcht fer en mouse, un hut die farviche carta gemessa, ae moal denna waeg no witter der anner waeg. En hut gsheint wie won unser Donnie aus'em heisel waer.

Wie er der Levi sicht kuma, shteckt er bums die carta un sei zoll-shtawb in der sock un secht so sheepish, "Hello, Levi, wie bisht?" No ferzaelt er ihm er bisht?" No ferzaelt er ihm er waer sonderbar bissy die pawr letshta wocha, er waer sich am ufbooka fer en grumbeera inspector job. Wie er secht kon net annicher dummy so'en job hendela, mer mus ferdunnert feel wissa eb mer grumbeera inspecta kon.

No laegt er em Levi aus fun dera neia grumbeera law, wie gros die cart sei mus un won sie en ochtel zoll zu glae is kaemt mer, bei gum, in'de jail, un aw won die cart net die recht fareb het. Er grickt sei zoll-shtawb raus un mirkt uf'en blowa cart finf zoll un'a fertel long un zwa zoll un finf ochtel braet. "Selle graes cart un selle fareb," secht er, "mus mer an yeder sock foll No. 1 grumbeera binna os fufsich pund weekt."

No bettelt der Donnie en chaw duwock un pishpert im Levi sei links oar kent der dunner net saena was so'en duma law botta daet, yusht won ed der inspector job graecht, darft er so ebbes. net sawga. —Der Gus.

Publish Date: 28 October 1937

Title: ***En Hinkel Deeb***

De Buva am Shtor

En Hinkel Deeb.

Es hut noch leit die ehrlich sin,
So ehrlich wie en parra,
En hinkel deeb is kens defun,
Er is en grummer gnarra.

Die hinkel sin ihm net genung,
Er shtaelt em aw die hahna,
Er est ken fish, es nemt zu long,
Sie hen ihm zu feel grawna.

En hinkel deeb gleicht hinkel sup,
So sut mer surely denka;
Mer kent ihm helfa, sut ferleicht,
Un ihm die hinkel shenka.

Wer hinkel shtaelt der shtaelt aw sei,
Yusht sie sin shwaer zu drawga;
Un sei flaesh macht ken hinkel sup,
So haert mer leit als sawga.

En deeb zu sei net so leicht
Un nemond dut ihm draua,
Won er en alter hahna grickt,
Mus er gewaltich kaua.

En hinkel deeb kumt in'de nocht,
Nemond will er fershrecka;
Er draet di hahna der gargel zu,
Es mecht der bauer wecka.

Er shneekt so in der shtilling he,
Er haert der alt hund gnarra;
En flint gaet los, der deeb gaet ab,
Er will net gshussa werra.

Doch nemt's so leit, un anra aw,
Fer unser welt zu macha;
So secht mer als un maena's net,
Mer secht feel duma sacha.

Die welt waer feela besser ab
Won mir so leit net hetta;
Mir hetta maener hinkel sup,
Du konsht en dawler wetta.

—Der Gus.

MICKIE SAYS—

Publish Date: 04 November 1937

Title: ***Gelt macht druvel***

De Buva am Shtor

Gelt Macht Druvel.

Es hut leit won sie ebissel gelt hen, shpenda sie wie won's seilava net oll werra kent. Sie kawfa alles was der waeg kumt. Der Horich Hen secht als, es waer ken wunner das se immer leit het die so awrem waera wie kericha mice, sie wista net wie dwae millionaires.

Der anner dawg is der Donnie in der shtor kuma un hut die hend in sei zwae seck un robbelt sei gelt gewaltich. Er hut sei ruck zu geknipt katta alla waeg un en neier hoot shep uf aim oar. Er guckt uns kaum aw, un lawft so frotshenalich an der counter un secht in Pennsylfanish English er wut en dawler wert fun Mike seim beshta chaw duwack. No zeekt er en hond foll wecksel aus'em sock un shmeist feer fertel uf der counter wie won gelt nix waer zu ihm.

Die pawr letshta wocha hut der Donnie ebissel gelt ferdeent am welshkern boshta, un aw epawr kunshtavler jobs es ihm epawr dawler gemacht hut. Do eb die shees zeit war, hut der Donnie siner geresht fer en haesel sheesa aus season. Der mon hut awer dem squire gsawgt der haws wae er gahussa het waer en grob gewest, un der het er doat gehlawga mit'ma bona-shtecka. Der squire hut gsawgt der mon waer unshuldich, yusht er sut's nimmy du.

Der Donnie grickt alamoal so narrisha nubba won er aw kent gelt hut un mus sei duwack bettela, awer won er epawr cent im sock hut, is er shlimmer. Won er reich waer, kenta mir ihn, bei hookey, net havva. Mer mist ihn fert du. Gelt mach feel leit narrish, claimt der Horrick Hen als er in seim bockabort rum shert wie en hinkel am'ma shtro hawfa. Der Levi maent aw wommer gelt het, het mer druvel, awer der bettel waer los wommer kens het.

—DER GUS

Publish Date: 11 November 1937

Title: ***Kerbsa Gsichter***

De Buva am Shtor

Kerbsa Gsichter.

Die yunga hen witter der deihenker gshpeelt uf Hallowe'en owit un warra uf gedresst wie ferrickt monkeys. Sie hen so weeshta gfresser uf ketta os mer sich, bei hookey, firichta hut missa im bella dawg. Dael hen geguckt wie der alt Harry selvert mit herner un glowa. Unser shulmeshter hut en loch in sei falsh gsicht shneita missa das sei longa naws nei gebost hut. Der horich Hen hut ken so'en dum guckich gsicht gebreicht. Wer ihn net goot kent maent er het en narra gsicht uf mit'ma ferhudella bockabort.

Der shlaver Danny hut uns im shtor geglawkt sie hetta ihm sheer die helft fun seina kerbsa gshtoola aus'em felt, er het kaum genung may fer en rechtshafner kerbsa custard, awer er daet denka es waer net feel zudu won der deival los waer.

Der anner dawg wie dar Levi am Donnie seim blote ferbei is, het er gshwore der Donnie daet am fenshter shtae shmooka. Awer wie er's zwet moal gukt, war's en kerbsa gsicht mit'ra peif im maul. So gaichter gucka oft so leibhaftich wie leit das mer kent os mer net grawd der unnershit sicht.

Wie mer haera hen so gottlosa buva en kerbsa gsicht in die kerich uf'de konselgshtelt; un wie der horich Hen die deer uf shleest Sundawg mirya fer'de bell zeega, war er surprist os der parra shun dert uf'de konsel shtaet. Er secht "Goota mirya, herr parra, du bisht awer saer frse du," awer grickt ken antwort. Sell dut unser glocka zeeger so halver ferdreesa. Er guckt noch amoal rum un sicht, bei hookey, das es der parra gar net is, yusht en kerbsa gsicht mit'ra brill uf'de naws. Der horich Hen maent so ebbes waer gans un gar zu weit ganga, mer sut maener respect havva fer's Gottes Haus wommer aw net alla Sundawg in'de kerich gungt.

Kerbsa gsicht mit'ma inchlich licht
Halt die hexa wocka;
Kerbsa custard mit shpeises drin
Dut die mommy bocka.

—DER GUS.

Publish Date: 18 November 1937

Title: ***Wommer in Society is***

degradation to our flag.

De Buva am Shtor

Wommer In Society Is.

Der Donnie maent es waer fer eicht hendich wommer en pawr shtuna daylight saving zeit het shpoot yawrs, no breicht mer kep lutser far'de kee feeders wommer hame kaemt fun hawsa sheesa, un die hinkel gingta aw net so free uf'de shtong. No shpaut der Donnie in'da coala kessel wie en fendu groyer un guckt uns buva aw saena wae mer zu sawga hetta.

'Sis wahr. Des is en bissya zeit un die dawga sin kerz. 'Sis feel am awgae. Hickernis laesa, walshkern boshta, hawsa sheesa, sauer kraut macha, eppel shnitsa un lawdwerk kucha, en oyster supper irits, en fendu oder en leicht, un so'de gleicha, halt em so ferdunnert bisey, mer waes net an welem end sei kup fosht is. Won sie ken show hen im shulhaus fer en neier flag, don hen sie en fresserei in'de kerich fer'em parra sei lu uf macha. Un wommer net mit macht, is mer hinna draw wie en kee shwons un grawd so wennich aw gsaena.

Mei Sus is so feel fert das ich gie kawm ken won ich sis ale saen am brekfesht dish. Sie guckt, bei hookey, so meed un aus gewora wie en shtay laeser. Uf kors, sie is in high society un mus dena sacha noch gae. Der anner owit bin ich aw moal mit anna shnitsing party, un mir hen blumsock gshpeelt un cider gedrunka bis noch'de zaea, un der neksht dawg hav ich ferdolt leibway katta.

Die unra monsleit glawka aw, sei wista ball nimmy eb sie weiver hetta. Sie missa des fee tenda gans alay, die oyer sus haeva, un sorga das hula in'de huls kisht is fer'de nocht. Un die mensht zeit missa sie aw die grumbeera shaela un des coffee wasser ivver du fer nocht essa. Ken wunner, maent der horich Hen als er an seim shtruvliche bockabort zupt, os es so feel divorce gehichta gebt unnich dena hoch society leit. So weibsleit duna alla dawg bis in'de nocht irits draus rum gadda, un sell macht druvel in'de familia un gebt wonsa ins bad.

—Der Gus.

Publish Date: 02 December 1937

Title: ***Die Unemployment Carta***

...Meyersdale Republican...

Founded by Samuel A. Kendall, August 16, 1900.

JAMES A. BLACK, Publisher.
WILLIAM W. BLACK, Managing Editor.
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THURSDAY, DEC. 2, 1937.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

Japan has refused to have anything to do with the Brussels conference. The diplomats at Brussels properly chastised Japan for failing to adhere to the agreements entered into by the Nine Power Conference of which she was a part. But the Japs were guilty of further discourtesy by making some very unkind statements in reply. One Japanese spokesman, referring to the verbal spanking his country got from the Brussels conference for failing to consider the sacredness of international agrreements, replied that it was too bad some of the Nine Powers who are now so solicitous over the sacredness of international agreements had failed to keep their agreements and had repudiated their debts to the United States.

This of course may be irony, but it isn't exactly the right sort of answer. When a man calls you crook it doesn't explain his charge against you when you accuse him of being a crook too.

Besides, it must be remembered that Uncle Sam is just Santa Claus and you don't have to keep your agreements with Santa Claus. Any bad little boy can tell you that.

It was hinted at Brussels that Japan made this unkind reference to our unpaid debts for the purpose of trying to drive a wedge between the United States and other powers at Brussels. Not a chance. Those European nations seem to be able to double cross Uncle Sam and make him like it.

Die Buva am Shtor

Die Unemployment Carta.

"Est gebt weesht wetter ains fun dena dawga, "yammert der grumbaenich Hen als er sich uf'de bonk huckt neksht an die cracker box, "mei gray-awga duna mich ferdunnert driveleera." No nemt er sei chaw duwock aus'em maul un shteckt's foll wasser crackers. Er claimt er kent bruffazeia won's weesht wetter gaebt epawr dawg fonna naus; ainwetter daeta sei gray-awga ihn shmertsa, oder er graecht zeeges wie der deihenker in sei links bay. No longt er witter in'de cracker bok.

Ivverdem kumt der Donnie so eiferich in'da shtor un wunnert eb noch net en breef kuma waer fer ihn fum bresident. Der Mike shittelt sei kup, un der Donnie guckt so g'disappointed wie won sei reicher uncle uhn fergessa het im willa. Er huckt sich naevich der grumbaenich Hen un helft sich zu epawr wasser crackers.

Der Donnie ferzaelt uns er het dem bresident sei cart deitlich ausgfillt fer'n job shun epawr wocha zurick, awer het noch ken wort kaert, un wonner net boll wort graecht, daet er, bei hookey, gae un sich selvert arwit sucha. Er secht des government kent ken honswersht macha fun ihm. No nemt er witter epawr wasser.

Etliche do rum hen ihra unemployment carta shay ausgfillt grawd wie's druf secht un hen sie nei shickt fer'n job, awer so weit hut noch kens nix kaert os sie shawfa sutta kuma. Der alt Sol do hinna am dom war so bissy sei grawva wei abzoppa un grobba sheesa, os er, bei hookey, gans un gar fergessa hut dem bresident sei shawf cart zurick shicka, un nau kon er sie nimmy finna.

Er war im shtor der anner owit fer en halb pund wasser crackers un mir blaudera fun dena carta. Der alt Sol secht er daet alsmoal so halver glawva won des government maol recht ausfinna daet waer shawfa kent un daet net, daeta sie so kerls ken relief may gevva. "Buva," secht er, "es is irits en doata rot."

Sammy Simp Says

Well

folks, back again, whether you like it or not. Although I doubt it, there are possibly a few people who read my eloquent and superbly written sketches each week, and therefore, an explanation of my absence from last week's pages seem necessary.

To tell the truth, I am a rather lazy fellow, especially when thoughts of a Thanksgiving feast are uppermost in my mind. And what a feast I had! How would you like to sit down to a table groaning under the weight of three chickens and as many meatloafs, gravy, mashed potatoes, filling, vegetables of all sorts, and to top it off, an enormous dish of jello hidden under a tasty blanket of icecream, and accompanied by a mammoth cut of nut cake. Let me tell you, I was wholly and utterly bewildered as to where to begin.

After assisting my lady friend to her chair, I seated myself as gentlemanly as possible under the circumstances and began eating as politely as I knew how. As the meal progressed, I grew nervous and jumpy under the terrific restraint. My vest, its capacity being limited, began to tighten up with every swallow and the collar of my shirt, becoming over-heated by the savory steam arising from the various dishes, began to wilt and throttle me until I scarcely could swallow more than a nibble at a time.

Finally, I could stand it no longer. Succumbing to primitive instinct, I threw off my coat, ripped open my vest and tore loose my tie. Grasping a drum-stick in one hand and a fork in the other, I crouched possessively over my plate and ate continuously for about half an hour, now and then swooping up a drink of water "on the fly," or pausing a brief second to spread a slice of bread. At last, when my esophagus was filled to the last notch, I arose slowly from the table, staggered over

Publish Date: 09 December 1937

Title: ***En Druppa an'de Naws***

...Meyersdale Republican...

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THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1937.

Die Buva am Shtor

En Druppa An'de Naws.

Es is ken shond en druppa an'de naws zu havva, yusht mer sut immer en gros shnubduch hendich havva, wommer en gentelmon sei will. Die hinkel, of kors, butsa ihra naws an's graws un so dreck-sei, wie der alt Sol, butsa die naes so unnabedenkt an der ruck armel. Sell is ae waeg, yusht ken so'en shaener.

Feel leit hen ferkelting. Ivver-all haert mer, die mommy hut der shnubba, der dawdy der neeser, un die grosmutter hut der hushta un is gronk im bet. Ball all das mer sicht hen shteddy die naws im'ma shnubduch un blowsa os mer maent der butcher kaemt. Unser shul-meshter, der long naesich Benny, hut aw die keela dawga sheer immer en longa druppa an'de naws. Wie der Levi secht, kon der Benny der shnubba havva fer drei dawg un fint's net aus. Es nemt zeit fer en druppa so weit zugae. Alsmoal dut dar Benny sei naws noch butsa epawr dawg noch dem der shnubba gshtupt hut.

Derr Benny is awer en gooter un hoch gelaerter shulmeshter mit feel bicher un shreib-babeer, yusht er grickt alsmoal sei longe naws in's dinta-fass. Awer wie em Donnie sei Mommy immer secht, en rechtshafner mon but aw en rechtshafne naws. En longe naws, wei em Benny seine, is feela hendicher, bei hookey, wommer der shnubba hut, wia so'en glaene, ab gshtumpte awfa naws. Mer kon goot halt greea.

Der anner dawg hen sie rismatic katta in'de shul un die kinner hen aus figgera solla wie feel ocker grund im'ma felt waer. Die sheeler warra gshtucka. Der Benny hut sie ebissel gshimpft un secht, "Wie der George Washington so alt war wie ihr war er en londmesser."

Die sheeler hen eweil in dem rismatic buch rum geblettert un so sheepish rum geguckt, awer endlich secht so'en unshuldicher, "Ya, teacher, un wie so alt war wie du war er der president." Der Benny grickt sei shnubduch un blowst die naws os die awga ferdraet, un dismiss die class. Er hut als noch en druppa an'de naws das letsht ds mir ihn gsaena hen.

—Der Gus.

Sammy Simp Says

This is the time

of the year when broken necks, sprained ankles and various other injuries are experienced by the people in this section of the country. Slippery side-walks and snow-covered bumps or holes are, of course, the cause. To prevent any major accidents and to reduce the number of minor ones, I have set forth here a few rules or precautions which, if obeyed, may prove very helpful to unbalanced pedestrians.

1. Don't walk too fast, and above all, don't run.
2. Refrain from assuming a stiff-legged gait—walk naturally and your feet will grip the ice more firmly.
3. Unless it is too cold, keep one hand out of your pocket so that if you do lose your balance, you can break the fall and avoid breaking an arm.
4. If you are coming down an icy hill and suddenly get an impulse to revert to childhood by "giving a big run and a skate," think twice, then sit down and have someone give you a push.
5. If you have followed the rules carefully, and have been unable to maintain balance, purchase a pair of snowshoes and strap them tightly to your hindquarters. This, of course, is the "hard way" but as a last resort is advisable.

* * *

"Stranger Than Fiction"

would be a very appropriate title for an occurence which took place in the printing shop a few days ago. When setting "ads" some of the "boys" have developed the habit of muttering aloud a line of copy before setting it in type. It so happened that while one of us was making up a grocery store advertisement, someone was reading the headlines of a daily newspaper to us and by combining the different quotations, this is what ensued:

"TWO KILLED IN AUTO CRASH, BODIES B A D L Y MANGLED."
"HAMBURGER, 2 lbs. for 25c"
"INVESTOR GETS DIRTY DEAL."
"Lifebuoy Soap, 4 cakes, 25c."
"C H R I S T M A S S P I R I T SWEEPS TOWN."
"Brooms, 39c each."
SHOW STRANDED HERE."
"Skinned Hams, 25c lb."
"M A N Y F O O L E D B Y SWINDLE."
"Pail of Fish, 90c."

Publish Date: 16 December 1937

Title: ***Der Belsnickel am Fescht***

Die Buva am Shtor

Der Belsnickel Am Fesht.

Die kinner in'de shul macha shun reddy fer ihra Grisdawg entertainment. Sie duna des alla yawr, un sie hen aw immer en ferdolt goot show fer's gelt. Es kosht nix fer nei. Unser long naesicher shulshmeshter waes wie so ebbes uf zu greea. Die eltra fun'de kinner sin immer all ei gelawda zu kuma, un aw anra leit wo ken eltra sin, so wie der grumbaenich Hen un der Donnie.

Letsht yawr an dem fesht is der grumbaenich Hen, bei hookey, ei gshloofa un hut so shrecklich laut gsnorxt os mer em shulmeshter sei speech net haera hen kenna. Des yawr, maent der Levi, wutta mir ihn in'da fuder gong shparra bis des fesht ferbei waer. Der grumbaenich Hen maent sei sacha goot, awer er kon sich net wocka halta. Er is eigshloofa an seinra grosmutter ihra leicht un hut fergessa zu heila.

Der shulmeshter hut der horich Hen gfrookt fer der belsnickel zusei. Er maent er kent sei shtruvlicher bockabort weis powdera mit kern-mael, no breichta sei ken falsha whiskers kawfa. Der shulmeshter hut net fer nix en kup uf seinra oxel. Er ust ihn net yusht fer ainnicher hoot druf henka, awer fer zu denka un zu blona. Won er net weiter fonna naus saena kon wie sei naws long is, wie mer als sawgt, kon er, bei hookey, weiter saena wie die maenshta leit.

Er hut der horich Hen select als belsnickel weil er die graeshta un die shtruvlichishta whiskers hut im gansa county, except der grosdawdy Hoffadeckel, yusht er is zu fercrippelt mit rumadis fer en belsnickel. Er mus an zwae shteck gae, awer sei bockabort beet em horiche Hen sei ungraut bei weit.

Der shulmeshter maent won des fesht ferbei waer, kent der horich Hen des mael witter aus'em bockabort bashta un sei Bolly kent blot-kucha mit bocka. Unser shulmeshter is en shparsomer kerl, un won all unser gedingta amts-leit so shparsom waera, maent der Levi, waera die toxa net halver so hoch.

—Der Gus.

Publish Date: 16 December 1937

Title: ***En Unnerruck fer de Mommy***

Die Buva am Shtor

En Unnerruck Fer' de Mommy.

Grishdawg is yusht ums eck rum, un der Belsnickel robbelt am fenshter eb die katz en oy laegt. Mei Sus hut geshter ihr oyer gelt gezaelt un gewunnert was der Santa Claus mir bringa sut. Em Levi sei Kate hut en lut walnis aus gshawlt un sie em Mike ferhondelt fer ihr Grishdawg gelt. Der Santa Claus is bissy die dawga, awer mer mus selvert sei shtrimp flicka.

Der grumbaenich Hen un der Donnie warra im shtettel. Sie wulla ihr shoppes early du, un sie warra im town eb sun-uf-gong un die shtorkipper hen noch all genorxt. Sie sin no so im shtettel rum gedopt un hen grundnis gfressa wie die reicha, un, wie mer haert, warra sie aw im'ma taproom zusaena was zeit. Der Donnie hut edael gelt bei sich katta, un er hut em grumbaeniche Hen epawr dolar gelaent fer shpendes.

Sie hen uns ferzwaelt sie hetta seilaeva awer net so feel mensha gsaena in dena shtora am kawfa. Es het em gemawnt an'na seifendu. Es het gsheint won all die weibsleit im gsaena shattel fort waera fun hame un hetta ihra better net gemacht un des breckfesht gsher dreckich shtae lussa.

Die shtora warra so gecrowd un die weibsleit hen so dick gshtonna an dena bargain counters os sie ihra weckeel bei mistake em grumbaeniche Hen in sei sock shtecka, os er genung grickt fer em Donnie sei pawr dolar zugevva. Un er secht uns wie sie endlich raus kumma waera uf's pavement het er en bindel unnich yederm awrem katta mit seidna shtrimp drin un so anrs weibsleit nichnacke, or wist net was es waer.

Der Donnie hutt aw en ferdunnerte zeit katta. Er hut die neckties begucka wulla, awer sie hen ihm he un her gepusht un gshoova wie wonner er nix waer, un des neksht os er gewist hut war er am anra end fum shtor am'ma unnerruck aw broveera. Er secht so en shaene het ihm abgewort, os er, bei gum, der unnerruck kawft het fer sei Mommy eb er recht gewist het was er daet.

—DER GUS.

Publish Date: 23 December 1937

Title: ***'Swar Owits for Grischdawg***

Die Buva am Shtor

'Swar Owits For Grishdawg.

'Swar owits for Grishdawg
Un nirits im house
Hut ebbes gezovelt,
Even ken mouse.
Die kinner all shloofa
So herrlich im bed
Un drawma fum Santa
Un was er all het.
Die mem un der dawdy
Shtecka unnich' deck,
Sie haer'n geglebber
Drunna im fire eck.
Der dawdy shtaet uf
Un guckt die shtaeg nunner
Un der shtaet der Santa
Un lacht wie der dunner.
So roat sin sei bocka,
Sei bauch is so dick,
Gans weis sin sei whiskers,
Es is der St. Nick.
Er blinkt mir des awg
Un guckt die shtrimp aw,
Sei sock macht er uf
Un no gaet er draw.
Er shtupt dis shtrimp foll
Mit shpeel sach un so.
Er lacht un is happy,
Macht anra leit fro.
No nemt er sei pock,
Gaet der shonshtay bums nuf,
Shpringt he an sei shlidda
Un huckt sich dert druf.
Er gnelt die long gaeshel,
Die hersh gaena ob
So shwift wie der wind
Un uf der neksht job.
Der Santa guckt rum,
Ruft freintlich zu mir,
"Merry Christmas fer all
Un en Happy New Year."

—DER GUS.

Publish Date: 06 January 1938

Title: ***Sheier-Hof Yammer***

Die Buva am Shtor

Sheier-Hof Yammer.

'Swar der dawg noch Nei yawr un die hinkel fettera sin mit'de welsh hahna fettera rum gflooga im misht hof. En shael ginny hinkel shlupt unnich'em regel hawfa raus un guckt so fergelshtert um's sheier eck rum. Es sicht en alter hahna sharra uf'em misht hawfa, un es frookt ihn eb die ferdunnerta feirdawga ferbei waera.

Der alt hahna guckt so drauverich noch'em huls blots un secht er daet so huffa, awer sei fetter shteef-bruder het sei laeva ei gebeest. Sei bruder, secht der alt hahna, waer immer so belaegt. No kuma dem alta hahna draina in die awga un er butst sei naws an's graws. Des ginny hinkel heilt mit ihm. Ihr eltshte shweshter is aw weck kuma un es is nirits kup oder fetter fun ihra zu finna.

No gaegna sie mit nanner so longsom der forwaeg naus, un en ent kumt so gaeich feesich noch gewottelt mit'em kup sheer uf'em buttom. Ains fun ihra beshta freint hut aw die ox in's gnick grikt. No shittelt sie der kup un maent des enta laeva waer yusht en quack.

Sie wottelt mit dena zwa betreebta noch'em sei shtall, un dert dreffa sie en welsh hinkel aw un aw am heila. Sie butst die awga aus un ferzaelt wie's ihra ganga waer ivver die feierdawga. Der bauer hut ihra mon ae dawg gegrabt am bay un uf'da huls blots gshlaeft. Ihr mon war immer ebissel gros meilich, un er hut laut gegobbelt un gshtrutelt mit dem bauer fun seinra constitutional recht, awer der bauer mit'da ox hut en shlicker waeg arguments zu settela. Em welsh hahna sei witfraw heilt sie waer nau elay in'da welt un het ken roater cent zu ihrem nawma, sie mist nau uf'de relief gae.

Des yammeres weckt die sow im shtall un sie draesht dis betreeba un secht, "So gaet's, mei leeva freint, heit hut mer sei reesel im drook, un mirya henka shun die brodwersht uf'da shtong." No rullt sie sich im dreck rum un gaet shloofa.

—Der Gus.

Now that Rheims Cathedral has been restored and Germany has signed a new treaty guaranteeing Belgium's neutrality, Europe is right back where it was in 1914.

A farm bill of some 30,000 words would convince the farmers that they have something to plow under.

Publish Date: 13 January 1938

Title: ***Shpora am Hemmer Shwons***

Die Buva am Shtor

Shpora Am Hemmer Shwons.

Es war ebissel keel werra im shtor. Em Mike sei coala hawfa war nitter un er brent shtumpa huls im shtor. En goot huls fire, claimt der Bill, unser blackshmid, baet ainnicher dawg en coala fire. Es is em Mike aw kalt werra un er kumt hinnich'em counter raus un shteckt epawr shtumpa glets uf's fire. Glei brums gewaltich im offa ror un der offa grickt roata bocka wie em Sam sei alte won sie als gleedich ferzernt is. Die hussa bay fanga aw haes reecha un mir missa weiter weck weicha.

Awver der grumbaenich Hen bleibt shtae mit'em hinner dael sheer wedder'em haesa offa. Sei hussa arsh war ferrissa os sei hemmer shwons hinna raus henkt. Eb mer "gleedicher glucka dreck" sawga hen kenna, war sei gans hinnera in flom. Er is drei fuss so grumbaenich in'de hay gshprunga un marder gegresha. Der Donnie hut shnell en aimer foll wasser an dem grumbanicha Hen sei hinnera gshit un des fire aus katta in "no time." Es war ken so'en grosser ferlusht, awver der grumbaenich Hen hut als noch bloshter uf henka wo als sei hemmer shwons war.

Der Bill secht so shpetlich won der grumbaenich Hen in Deitschlond waer, het so ebbes ihm net wedderfawra kenna. Wie er secht duna sie dert die hemmer shwens ab shneida fer kadu spora. Sell is die deitsch law. Die hemmer shwens missa all zwa zoll kerzer sei wie sie als warra. Eb sie en hemmer shwons inspector hen, waes der Bill net. Awver won sie hen, is es en gewooger hondel won ainer sei maidel naus nemt fer'en walk. So'en inspector mecht hinnich'ma hecka bush raus shteppa, dem kerl sei hemmer shwons aus'-de hussa zeega un es messa mit'-ma zoll shtawb grawd dert fer seim maidel. So ebbes, maent der Donnie, daet ihn ferdolt blusha macha.

"Won die zeita net boll besser werra," maent der Mike als er noch en shtick shtumpa huls uf's fire dut, "un des laeves mittel noch eweil so fert in'de hay gaet, hen mir ken hem may fer uf'da boogel zudu, besser ken hemmer shwons wie ken hem."

—DER GUS.

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institute is said to rank up well

Publish Date: 20 January 1938

Title: ***So sawg ich aw***

family.

Die Buva am Shtor

So Sawg Ich Aw.

Es is nimmy wie's als war, yammert der horich Hen als er sei wol henshing aus zeegt. Er feelt net zum beshta. Sie hen frish gebutchert, un er hut sich ivver fressa an dena frisha brodwersht. Er sut boll alt genung sei besser zu wissa, un shtuppa won er genung hut. Er hut gooter fershtond, flucht net os mer's haert, shwetst sheer immer die warit, zeegt so fromm der blows bolig in'de karich, un is aw ehrlich, awver won's frisha brodwersht haest, frest er wie en sow feelt nochderhond wie der deihenker.

Die baura do rum hen all gebutchert un es hut blenty frisha brodwersht uf'de shtong. Des shlocht beisel is foll dicka shunka, seida flaesh, un ponhaws. Die shmols shtenner sin foll shmols, un die mem macht zitterly fun'de sei fees un oara. Em Donnie sei mommy claimt es waer nix bessers zu saur kraut kucha wie der sei shwons. Sie mecht recht havva.

So feel fun'da yunga weiver wissa nix fun so goote, alt frenkishe kosht wie saur kraut un shpeck, oder fun hame gemacht zitterly os aw, bei hookey, zittert won's uf'em deller leit. Die yunga heit-zu-dawg greea alles im shtor reddy gekucht un zu gerisht in cans. All os sie breicha is en gooter can opener un en feil fer ihre finger nagel feila. Em Donnie sei mommy ihra koches is aus date, claima so yunga, awver es shmeckt ferdunnert goot, lus mich dir sawga. Wie der Levi als secht, goot kosht is net aus date.

Der dick seckich Ambrose hinna am Groba Hivel secht aw so. Sei Tillie is aw ains fun dena alt frenkisha. Sie waert noch en gegwiltner unnerruck, awver sie kon kocha. Mer sicht ken hawfa tin cans uf'em dick seckich Ambrose seim blots un der Ambrose weegt aw ortlich feel ivver zwa hunert in seina bor fees.

"Weck mit dem hochmut am essa," secht der Bill, "un so fancy nei fangelt shlockerei; geb mir alt frenkisha bauera kosht un frisha brodwersht no gev ich ken hurrah drum wer lawfa will fer govner." So sawg ich aw, bei hookey.

—DER GUS

Publish Date: 27 January 1938

Title: ***Shtrimp Shtricka***

tagonist, was alarmed. He knew that he was besting the red, but under these circumstances anything could happen. As the red came dashing into him the impact carried him to the ground while the red bore down upon him and with snapping teeth he clipped a forearm from the black. Lashing wildly, he cut the black to ribbons across chest and face, the latter fearlessly but hopelessly unable to ward him off.

The red prepared for the fatal stroke, watching his opening to sever the head of the black. But the chance did not come. The black warded off the blows of the red and with strength fast waning he made a last effort to dislodge the red. The red, intent on finishing the battle, forgot to guard himself for a moment and in that second the black dealt a terrible blow to the red which jarred him to insensibility. Rolling the unconscious red from him the black got up and quickly demolished his opponent.

Leaving the field of the fray, the black, bleeding and grimy with earth crawled a few feet to his home grounds and entering his hill was treated by his fellow ants.

Die Buva am Shtor

Shtrimp Shtricka

Die Bolly, sell is, em horiche Hen sei Bolly, hut die Mommy bsucht un sie hucka in'de kich am offa un shtricka woolna shtrimp, un blaudera fun ainnich ebbes. Won so weibsleit nanner bsucha, bringa sie immer ihra shtrickes mit oder flickes. Sie sin immer fleisich. Sie sin kenna fun dena carta shpeeler, un sie hen aw en goote zeit.

cluded my visit with my friends

Die Bolly gaet efters die Mommy saena un nemt ihra shtrickes mit. Die Mommy sheint aw fro zu sei sie zu saena. Sie gleicht der Bolly ihra gshwets, abottich won sie feel zu ferzaela hut fun'de nochbara. Dael weibsleit sin hendich an sellem. Awer der Levi halt net feel uf des weibsleit geblobber. Er secht es het ken kup un shwons.

"Es is gar nimmy wie's als war," fangt die Mommy aw un shtupt shuckela, "'sis en shond wie's haer gaet in'de welt". Die Bolly laegt ihr shtrickes he un gebt der Mommy recht. Sie luet en deefer seiftsa. No gucka sie nanner aw wie won sie net wista was zudu die welt zu ferbessera. Ferleicht dunna sie aw net. No fanga sie witter aw shtricka un shittila der kup.

Die Mommy kon ferdunnert goot shtrimp shtricka. Shr mem sie gelernt wie, un nau shtrickt sie alla yawr epawr dicka woolna shtrimp fer ihra Donnie. So dut die Bolly fer ihra Hen. Des shtrimp shtricka is aus date, awer so shtrimp halta em die fees, bei hookey, worem, abottich wommer noch felt shtivel aw hut. So worema shtrimp, uf kors, sin nimmy in style heit-zu-dawgs. Des yung gezevvel missa seidna shtrimp havva, won sie grawd die zaea ferfreera.

Die Mommy maent won die leit may woolna shtrimp waera daeta, waer ferleicht ken greek in China, un net so feel ferkelting. "Du husht meiner himmel recht," antwort die Bolly un blowst gewaltich ihr naws in der sharts. "awer der hochmut kumt immer fer'm fall." No shaet die Mommy uf die katz naus lussa. Der hund kumt rei, un die Bolly gaet hame. Sie hen en goote zeit kata un epwar shtrimp sheer halver fertich.

Publish Date: 10 February 1938

Title: ***En Baera Gfecht***

Die Buva am Shtor

En Baera Gfecht.

Es war en lebdawg draus beim Sam. Er un sei Lovina hen worta katta. Der Sam hut sei worta noch, er hut ken chance grickt sie zu yusa; awer die Lovina hut alla ains fun ihre geyusht un en halb dutsend moal ivver. Sie kon's du, bei hookey, un brauch sich net blooga. Ihr uncle oder grosdawdy war en fendu groyer. Won sie so drei fertel ferzernt is, no gaet's ab. Ihr zung sheint los zu sei an baet enner.

Mir buva hen net recht ausfinna kenna wie der shpeckdawgel aw gfanga hut. Der Donnie uf'em waeg hame hut ebbes kaert, un so hut der horich Hen. Sie sawga es het iriger gemacht wie wommer en halb dutsend weediche sei am shwons het. Won mir als so druf he shwetsa, blowst der Sam sei naws un secht es mecht noch shnay gevva. Er is zu feel fum'ma gentlemon un seina familia druvel zu ferzaela.

Der anner owit war er im shtor un hut en neier baesem kawft. Er secht sei Lovina het der shteel fun ihrem anra baesem ab gshlawga wie sie der hund naus yawga het wella. Awer sie mus der hund weesht ferfaelt havva, maent der Levi. Der Sam hut ennichhow en ferdunnerter knup hinnich'em oar ball so gros wie en banty oy.

Wie er sie baesem hut, bleibt er noch eweil bei uns shtae eb er hame gaet. Er un sei Lovina kumma recht goot fert mitnanner wie zwae dottel dauva, yusht sie greea als moal worta un no gebt's en baera gfecht. Awer der Sam kent ken bessera fraw finna. Sie kon net gebutta werra rivel kucha bocka, un sie hut immer em Sam sei shtrimp gflickt. Un won sie net baes is, dut sie ihra Sam alla mirya bussa eb er aus shtaert uf sei huckster trip.

Die anner woch hut der Sam ains fun seina alta buddies aw gedruffa im town. Sie sin als mitnanner zu'de maid ganga un so anra deivel shtraech gedriva wie sie leddich warra un glaener fershtond katta. Sie hen about die same zeit keirt un sin no aus nanner kumma. Der kerl frookt der Sam wie sei Lovina aw kaemt, un der Sam lobt sei fraw immer, wie en rechtshafner mon sut, un er secht sei Lovina waer en engel. "Du warsht immer glicklich, Sam," antwort sei buddy, "mei alte laebt noch."

—DER GUS.

(English Translation)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE.

A Bear Fight.

It was a holiday out by Sam's. He and his Lovina had words. Sam has his words yet, he did not get a chance to use them, but Lovina used every one of hers and was a half dozen more left over. She can do it, by hookey, and need not bother herself. Her uncle or else her granddaddy was a sale crier. When she is about three-fourths provoked, then it goes off. Her tongue seems to be loose at both ends.

We boys could not find out exactly how the rumpus began. Donnie, on his way home heard something and so did hairy Hen. They said it made a noise like when one has a dozen squealing pigs by the tail. When we casually start to talk on the subject, Sam blows his nose and remarks that it may yet give snow. He is too much of a gentleman to recount his family troubles.

The other evening he was in the store and bought a new broom. He said his Lovina knocked the handle off her other broom when she wanted to chase the dog out. But she must have failed badly to hit the dog, remarked Levi. Sam anyhow has a bethundered lump behind his ear, almost as large as a banty egg.

After he had his broom he remained a while with us yet before he went home. He and his Lovina come along right good with each other, like two turtle doves, but they bandy words occasionally, then there gives (ensues) a bear fight. But Sam couldn't find a better wife. She cannot be beat in baking rivel cakes, and she always has Sam's stockings mended. And when she isn't cross she kisses her Sam every morning before he starts on his huckster trip.

The other week Sam ran across one of his old buddies in town. They used to go together to the girls and engaged in such other devilment when they were single and had less understanding. They got married about the same time and then became separated from each other. The fellow asked Sam how his Lovina was coming along, and Sam praised his wife ever as a right-dispositioned man should, and he said his Lovina was an angel. "You were always lucky, Sam," answered his buddy. "My old one (wife) is living yet."

"Yes, darling?"

"I wish you would come and look at the lovely weather outside. It's simply marvelous."

"Sweetheart, why do you always bother me when I'm reading the paper? I don't see anything wonderful about the weather—it looks awful cold to me."

"That's just it. My, it must be grand to know how to skate. Oh look, there goes a couple now. Don't they look sweet?"

"For gosh's sake, Helen, what have you got into your head now? You couldn't possibly want to go skating!"

"Well, Lester, what ever made you think of it? Now I won't have to make you angry by asking you."

"What? ? ? . . . now listen dear, you know it's no use to even think about it. I haven't had my skates out for years, and besides, you haven't even got a pair."

"I most certainly do! Oh, Lester, didn't I tell you . . . I saw the cutest pair down town yesterday and I just simply had to buy them. Now you wait right here and I'll run upstairs and get them."

What next? It might not be such a bad idea after all though. George Henderson does a lot of skating and if I were to meet him there I might not have such a tough time getting an order from him tomorrow. The exercise would do me good too. By gum, I believe—

"Lester, just look . . . aren't they cute."

"Yes, but you know skates aren't the only thing you have to have. What are you going to wear?"

"Well, you old darling, you do think of everything, don't you. Just wait until you see the outfit I got for almost half price yesterday."

* * *

"Say, this doesn't look so bad at that. Sit down here and I'll put your skates on."

"All right, honeybunch. Don't tighten them up too much, and—why the very idea! Lester, lean over here I want to tell you something . . . "

"****Listen, Helen, I don't care if Jones' wife is skating with Santa Claus. I came down here to skate—not to gossip."

"Well, you don't have to be so mean about it. There, that's tight enough. Hurry up now . . . you're going to have to hold me up until I learn how it's done."

* * *

"C'mon, don't be afraid!"

"Oh, Lester, I feel just awful. Does my hat look nice? Everyone on the pond is looking at us."

"Let them look. Maybe I'll give 'em something to look at directly. Now watch . . . just put your one foot out like this, and push with the other one like this."

"Gee, that looks easy—here I go!"

"No, you haven't got it yet. Now watch while I skate out on the pond and back."

Swish, swish . . . CRACK!

"Lester! I do wish you would stop clowning and teach me how to skate. Why, hello, I didn't expect to see you here Mrs. Henderson."

"Oh, I come down once in a while. Your husband seems to be having a little trouble staying on his feet."

"Oh no, it isn't that—you know Lester—always clowning and acting silly."

"Helen, will you wait a minute while I sit down and tighten up my skates?"

"Say, Lester, do you mind if I take your wife around once?"

Publish Date: 17 February 1938

Title: ***En Neier Knecht***

descend the remainder of the way to the entrance to the tunnel which had comparatively level floor. The tunnel increased in width and height as he advanced step by step into its inky blackness, lighted dimly by the rays of his lantern. Eventually he came into an immense oval-shaped chamber, extending several hundred yards ahead to where it curved sharply to the right and then began a steep descent. Another immense tunnel curved off to the left, and this had a smoother floor, so White proceeded to explore it first. This proved to be the bat cave, as was evidenced by deep deposits of guano (bat dung droppings) on the floor, the unpleasant odor of which made the explorer turn back to probe deeper into the other tunnel which was free from bat excrement and in which the air was sweet and pure.

Awesome Depths and Wonders.

In describing his exploration in this direction Jim White is quoted as saying:

Die Buva am Shtor

En Neier Knecht.

Mir hen all um der offa rum kuckt im shtor un in'da coala kessel gshpaut, sell is, wommer'n gedruffa hen. Finf oder, sexa duna ferdunnert feel duwock kaua im'ma owit. Eb mer draw denkt, is en finf cent pock fert. Awer was bot em sei gelt wommer's net fershpend.

Uf emoal shtaet der Levi uf, shittelt sei hussa bay epawr moal, un wunnert eb mir shun kaert hetta fum Slaver Danny seim neia knecht. No hut der Levi uns ferzaelt wie er so'en shtad kerl gedingt fer ihm helfa bis desh butchera ferbei is. Der kerl war ains fun dena WPA sheffer, awer er hut so fell sheppa shteel grum gebooga das sie ihn ab gelaegt hen. Er secht awer er waer willings ainnich ebbes zu shawfa, yusht er het en shwacher boogel un waeha fees. Er admit er wist net feel fun bauera, awer sei grosdawdy het als grumbeera keffer gfanga am arma haus uf'de bauerei un en aesel het ihm sei hilsa bay ab gekickt.

Der Slaver Danny maent sell waer alrecht, mer waer ne net zu alt zu lerna, un hut den city chap gedingt. En mon der en shep un pick hendla kon fer's government, claimt er, kon aw en mish gawvel un en huls ox hendla fer ihn.

Der anner mirya wie's so gwitters kalt war, hut der Slaver Danny free ins shtettel gewut, un er shickt sei neier knecht fer gshwint der gaul uf gsherra. Es war noch dunkel. Wie der Shlaver Danny naws kumt fer eishponna, haert er sei knecht grummela im kee shtall. "Was is lets?" ruft der Shraver Danny als er sei rubber tire buggy aus'em shupt zeegt.

"Ich kon des ferdunnert kummet net ivver dem gaul sei oara greea," kumt die antwort, "Die oara sin shteif gfrora." Der Slaver Danny gaet bums un guckt was der bettel lets sei kent, un sicht sei knecht am broveera des kummet ivver die kuh ihra kup zu shtrippa, yusht die herner warra im waeg. So secht der Levi.

—Der Gus.

(English Translation)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

The New Hired Man.

We were all sitting around the store and spitting in the coal kettle, that is, when we could hit it. Five or six do chew much tobacco in an evening. Before one can think about it a five-cent pack is gone. But what does one's money benefit when we do not spend it?

After a while Levi stood up, shook his trousers legs a couple of times, and wondered whether we had already heard about Slovver Danny's new hired man. Then Levi told us how he hired such a town fellow to help him until butchering was past. The fellow was one of these WPA workers, but he had bent so many shovel handles crooked that they laid him off. But he said he was willing to work at anything, only he had a weak back and sore feet. He admitted he did not know much about farming, but his granddaddy used to catch potato bugs at the poor house, on the farm, and a donkey kicked his wooden leg off.

Slovver Danny thought that was all right; one is never too old to learn; and hired this city chap. A man who can handle a shovel and pick for the government, claimed he, can also handle a dung fork and wood ax for him.

The other morning when it was so bitter cold, Slovver Danny wished to go to town, and he sent his new hired man quickly to harness the horse. It was still dark. When Slovver Danny came out to hitch up, he heard his hired man grumbling in the cow stable. "What is wrong?" called Slovver Danny, as he drew his rubber-tired buggy out of the shed.

"I can't get this bethundered horse-collar over the horse's ears," came the answer. "The ears are frozen stiff." Slovver Danny went hurriedly to look what the devil could be wrong, and saw his hired man trying to strip the horse-collar, over the cow's head, only the horns were in the way. So said Levi.

Life Insurance Facts

By Wilbur B. Lichliter.

95 YEARS OF LIFE INSURANCE

Security and Service.

In publishing its annual Balance Sheet for the year 1937 as shown on this page, The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York observes the 95th Anniversary since its first policy was issued on February 1, 1843.

The Assets of this Company on December 31, 1937 were $1,349,057,256, an increase of $40,778,437 over 1936. New insurance for the year amounted to $269,154,537, bringing the total insurance in force at the close of 1937 to $3,758,762,033.

Payments in 1937 to Policyholders and their Beneficiaries under their contracts, amounted to $134,212,373 and the Trustees have set aside $22,781,795 for Dividends in 1938, after establishing the Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies at $44,270,997.

Publish Date: 10 March 1938

Title: ***Gelt in Oyer***

Die Buva am Shtor

Gelt in Oyer.

Mir hen en meeting katta im shulhaus un epawr hoch gelaerta kerls fun'ra college hen longa speecha gemacht wie waetsa zu saea un grumbeera keffer un so ungeziffer zu ferdillia. Ainer hut uns aus gelaegt ferwas en hund sich epawr moal rum draet eb er sich he laegt. Der grumbaenich Hen is wahrhaftich ei gshloofa eb der ersht shwetser halver fertich war aus laega ferwas en long reeseliche sow hert is zu meshta.

Unser gros-naesicher shulmeshter, der Benny, war aw uf'de blatform, un hut, bei hookey, sheer so gelaert geguckt wie die professors. Awer, uf kors, es is wie der Levi secht, mer kon net immer gae uf'da guck, shunsht daet mer denka der horiche Hen kaemt fun'da airdale hunda haer. Unser shulmeshter hut die shwetser g'introdust, un won er als fertich war introdusa, hen mir buva gewaltich geblotsht un die fees gshtumpt os die fenshter sheiva gerobbelt hen.

Der Parra war aw uf'de blatform mit seim long flegelricha ruck. Der Levi hut em Donnie ins oar gpishpert wie der parra am baeta war, er ken der dunner net saena was bisniss der parra het uf'de blatform, er wist so wennich fun sei raisa wie en blinder butsa mon. Uf kors, der Levi is ebissel shwach im glawva un bezawlt yusht en halva dolar 'syawr parra's gelt.

Ainer fun dena shwetser macht en lut ziffera uf's blackboard fer uns buva zu weisa wie en mon en goot laeva macha kent in'de hinkel bisniss. Em horiche Hen sei Johnnie war aw an'da meeting un haert der shwetser sawga es waer gelt in oyer. Wie er hame kumt, nemt er der karib mit oyer hinnich der sei shtall un shlecht epawr dutsend uf eb sei dawdy ihn ferwisht. "Grosser Gootes, Johnnie," secht er, "was bisht am du?"

"Well," antwort der grutsich, "sie hen gsawgt an'da meeting es waer gelt in oyer, awer ich hab noch ken roater cent gfunna."

—DER GUS.

(English Translation.)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

Money in Eggs.

We had a meeting in the schoolhouse and a couple of highly educated fellows made long speeches about how to sow wheat and how to destroy potato bugs and other pests. One of them explained to us why a dog turns himself around a couple of times before he lies down. Crooked-legged Hen was actually fast asleep before the first speaker was half done explaining why a long-snouted hog is hard to fatten.

Our big-nosed school master, Benny, was also on the platform and, by hooky, looked almost as learned as the professors. But, of course, it is as Levi says, we cannot always go according to looks, else we would think Hairy Hen is descended from the Airedale dog. Our schoolmaster introduced the speakers, and when he was done introducing, we boys clapped and stamped the feet so emphatically that the window panes rattled.

The pastor was also on the platform with his long winged-collar coat. Levi whispered in Donnie's ear when the pastor was praying, that he could not see what in the thunder business the pastor had to be on the platform; he knew as little about such matters as a blind rag man. Of course, Levi is a little weak in the faith and pays only a half-dollar a year pastor's money.

One of these speakers made a lot of figures on the blackboard to show us boys how a man can make a good living in the chicken business. Hairy Hen's Johnnie was at the meeting, too, and heard the speaker say there was money in eggs. When he came home he took the basket with eggs behind the hog pen and broke a couple dozen eggs open before his daddy found him.

"Great God, Johnnie," said he, "what are you doing?"

"Well,' answered the runt, "they said at the meeting there was money in eggs, but I have yet found no red cent.'

Publish Date: 17 March 1938

Title: ***Die Shul Bell Gaet***

Die Buva am Shtor

Die Shul Bell Gaet.

Es war shun en lebdawg do rum die pawr letshta dawga. Die weibsleit hen nix gshwetst wie fun'da koch-shul im shtettel. Etliche maena awer sie wista genung fun kocha un bocka un sie breichta net in die shul gae wie kinner. Doch macha sie sich reddy un gaena mit'da hert. Es is wahr wie em Mike sei Lisbet gsawgt hut an'da nay society, mer kon immer ebbes lerna wommer noch so alt is.

Sheer all die weibsleit in derra gaeging gaena in'de koch-shul except em Donnie sei Memmy. Sie secht sei breicht net in ken shul gae zu lerna wie en blot-kucha pon zu shmeera mit'ra shpeck shword. Der Sam lawt sei huckster truck foll weibsleit, un der Mike nemt sei Lisbet un epawr annera in seim Henry.

Awer, Grosser Geedy, es war doch en excitement un en ufruhr bis all die weibsleit fert warra. Sie huddela dert rum, kenna ihra shnubdicher net finna un nix. Sie nemma sich ken zeit recht zu essa, un die monsleit rawma der dish ab un wesha des ess gsher os die weibsleit sich reddy greea kenna. Mei Sus hut, bei hookey, mei shay musdash cup ferbrocha, un die Lovina hut ihrem Sam kuchicher coffee ins hals gnick gshit. Es war en shpeckdagel. Endlich warra sie all uf gelawta un giggela wie en lut maid won die buva sie kitsela an'ra shlidda barty.

Der horich Hen is aw fro das sei alte in'de koch-shul gaet. Er claimt sie mista ebissel up-zudate sei, indem er der blows bolig zeegt in'da karich, un graechta efters stylisher bsuch, so wie der parra un der shulmeshter. Der Sam hut aw an seinra fraw gshtert sie sut epawr koch lessons nemma, es mecht goot sei fer sei mawga. Er secht en mon waer so bletslich gshtarva do hinna an'da dach brick, er het immer alles gessa was sei fraw ihm he gshtelt het un ne ken failer gfunna mit'em essa, awer sie waer seilaeva n e t i n ' n a koch-shul gewest. Der ductor secht er het mawga druvel katta un het ken shweara kosht shtenda kenna.

Der Levi maent won all die weibsleit maener in so shula gingta, breichta mer net sei laeva so hoch insura. Sei alte kon ferdunnerta goota flaesh b o y bocka, sell is, won sie flaesh hut.

DER GUS.

Publish Date: 24 March 1938

Title: ***Der Hinkel Deeb is Eigelawta***

Die Buva am Shtor

Der Hinkel Deeb Is Eigelawta.

Alla woch won die zeiting kumt, laest der Levi uns buva die neihich-kaeta. Er kon goot English laesa un kon die grossa worta sheer so goot aus-shprecha wie der Benny, unser long naesicher shulmeshter, yusht sie lauta gans annersht. Awer sell macht uns ken drei cent aus, mir wissa doch net was so longa worta maena un es macht ken dunner aus wer sie aus-shprecht. Der Levi kon alles so greftich laesa wie en fendu groyer, un mir buva kenna all die news haera un breicha net die shmook peif aus'-em maul nemma.

Wie's letsht woch secht in'da zeiting, hut's noch leit in denna herta zeita die noch mitleides hen. Der Earl in Locust Dahl is ains fun denna wo net saena kon ebber hunger leita. Er hut en lut hinkel die net zu beeta sin. Sie gocksa allamoal os sie en oy laega, un die hahna graya free mirits os mer sie haera kon im shtettel. Awer epawr fun seina hinkel sin so alt wie der Mommy ihra karicha bonert.

Es shtaet gedruckt in'da zeiting in shwarts un weis, un der Levi hut's uns gelaesa, ebber hut ains fum Earl seina hinkel gshtoola un aw, bei hookey, en alter hahna; awer er hut, denk ich, net goot saena kenna im dunkela, oder hut ferleicht sei brill net bei sich katta, ennich how, der deeb hut net gsaena was er grabt. Nemond, uf kors, waes eb der deeb noch goota zay hut oder net, awer sell war en gwitters alt hinkel un tuf.

Der Earl dauvert der hinkel deeb fun herza, unsecht won er yusht ebbes gsawgt het, don het er ihm gern kulfa en fetter yunger hahna raus picka. Awer der Earl hut der hinkel deeb dezeit eigelawta er sut ainnicher Sundawg moal kuma fer'n goot chicken dinner. Mir buva hen nau noch nix kaert eb der Earl bsuch katta hut ivver Sundawg.

—DER GUS.

DIE DUVA AM SHTOR

(English Translation.)

The Chicken Thief Is Invited.

Each week, when the paper comes, Levi reads us boys the news. He can read English as well and can pronounce the big words almost as well as Benny, our long-nosed school master, however they sound altogether different. But that doesn't make three cents difference to us, we don't know anyway what such long words mean, and it makes no thundering difference who pronounces them. Levi can read everything so forcibly like an auctioneer, and we boys can hear all the news and need not take the smoke pipe out of the mouth.

The way it said in the paper last week, there are still people in these hard times who have yet sympathy. Earl in Locust Valley is one of those who can't see any one suffer hunger. He has a lot of chickens that can't be beat. They cackle every time they lay an egg, and the roosters crow early in the mornings that we can hear them in town. But several of his chickens are as old as Mommy's church bonnet.

It stands in the paper in black and white, and Levi read it to us, someone stole one of Earle's chickens and also, by hooky, an old rooster. But, I suppose he could not see well in the dark, or perhaps, did not have his spectacles with him, anyhow, the thief did not see what he grabbed. Nobody, of course, knows whether the thief has still good teeth or not, but that was a thundering old chicken, and tough.

Earl pities the chicken thief from his heart, and says if he had just said something, then he would gladly have helped him pick out a fat young rooster. But Earl has invited the chicken thief since he should come any Sunday sometime for a good chicken dinner. We boys as yet have heard nothing if Earl had visitors over Sunday.

Somerset County, for a four-year term, more than half of which he still has to serve. His efficiency and popularity as a county official are undisputed, and his services to his party in political campaigns of the last two years have popularized him in many Pennsylvania counties besides his native one.

If elected as a member of the next State administration, he will be the first citizen of Somerset County ever to hold State office by popular vote. Only two "Frosty Sons" have ever held cabinet positions at Harrisburg, by appointment—the late Norman B. Critchfield, as Secretary of Agriculture, and John A. Berkey, as State Banking Commissioner. Only one native "Frosty Son," has ever held a cabinet portfolio in the Federal Government at Washington—the late Jeremiah Black—first as Attorney General, and later, Secretary of State, under President Buchanan, but he was a resident of York County when he received those appointments.

His Platform Principles.

In announcing his candidacy, Mr. Livengood made the following statement:

"After considerable thought and consultation with numerous friends throughout the state, I have decided to announce myself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of Secretary of Internal Affairs.

"I realize that in the present emergency the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania needs men in public office who are firm believers in constitutional government. My record as a teacher, public official, and vice chairman of the American Legion Constitutional Defense Committee should leave no one in doubt as to where I stand on this matter.

"The people of Pennsylvania have nowhere to look except to the Republican Party for the preservation of constitutional government.

"They are no longer to be deceived by the spectacle of the Janus-headed New Deal, mouthing pious protestations of liberalism for public consumption while by

Publish Date: 31 March 1938

Title: ***Ken Wunner***

Die Buva am Shtor

Ken Wunner.

Sie hen der dick-seckich Charlie do hinna an'da dach brick noch'em narra haus nemma missa letsht woch. Er war gans aus'em heisel. Er hut shun eweil haer irig kayoos g'act. Er hut fer shtunna long im fuder gong kuckt un hut nix gedu wie gerechelt, un des sheier door war foll greit ziffera. Er kon die ferdunnert nei farm bill net fershtay. Alsmoal sheins ihm noch seim figgeres noch, er kent may macha wonner nix daet, un no is er witter bong sie mechta ihn in'de jail du fer zu feel welshkern zeega, oder fergessa en ticket mit'da rechta fareb an'da grumbeera sock binna. Sei fraw hut die leit ferzaelt er het grumbeera ticket an all ihra kuppie kissa gebunna.

Mer mus der dick-seckich Charlie wahrhaftich dauvera. Er hut als die fetshta sei katta im gansa township, un sei welshkern heisel immer foll, awer nau waes er net was er many du darf os law-maesich is, un er dut nix. Er wert mawa.

Epawr fun uns buva warra dert hinna an'ra fendu der anner dawg, un wie mir beim Charlie seim blots ferbei sin, war er im misht hof mit'ra longe gaeshel, un er knelt sie allegebut wie wonner en aesel fuhr het. Wie er uns awer secht, ruft er mir sutta nei kuma er wut uns ebbes weisa.

Mir gaena der forwaeg nei un er guckt uns ains noch'em anra aw so kayoos un wunnert eb mir die farm bill fershtay daeta, eb mer en shtro shtuck macha darf mit welshkern lawb ohna allawbnis fum government. No lacht er so'en narrisher giggel un secht er waer am'ma kee-dreck roller draina misht in'de felter rolla.

No knelt er sei gaeshel witter un greisht, "Giddap," un weist mit seim finger, "Dert gaet en load misht." No guckt uns so sheepish aw un frookt, "Denkt ihr sell darf ich du unnich dera neia farm bill, oder kent des government mich finda fer en kee-dreck roller shawfa macha wonner er net bei'de union is?"

DER GUS.

(English Version)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

No Wonder!

They had to take thick-bellied Charlie back here at the roofed bridge, to the crazy house last week. He was entirely out of his head. He had already for quite a while acted very queerly. He had for hours long sat in the fodder gang doing nothing but figuring, and the barn door was full of chalk cyphering. He could the bethundered new farm bill not understand. Sometimes it seemed to him after his figuring that he could make more when he did nothing, and then he was again afraid they might put him in the jail for raising too much corn, or for forgetting to tie a ticket of the right color on the potato sacks. His wife told the people he tied potato tickets on all her pillow cases.

We must verily pity thick-bellied Charlie. He used to have the fattest hogs in the entire township, and his corn crib was always full, but now he knows not what he dare do that is legal, and he does nothing. He is poor.

A couple of us boys were back there at a public sale the other day, and when we were passing by Charlie's place, he was in the manure yard with a long whip, which he cracked every now and then like as if he had a team of jackasses. When he saw us, he called that we should come in; he wanted to show us something.

We went in through the driveway and he looked at us one after the other, so queerly, and wondered if we understood the farm bill, if we dared to make a straw stack with corn leaves without permission from the government. Then he laughed such a crazy giggle and said he was on a cow-dung roller trying to roll manure in the fields.

Then he cracked his whip again and hollered "Giddap," and pointed with his finger, "There goes a load of manure." Then he looked at us so sheepish and asked: "Do you think I dare do that under the new farm bill, or could the government fine me for making a cow-dung roller work, when he not by the union is?"

Publish Date: 07 April 1938

Title: ***Hinkel laega macha***

Die Buva am Shtor

Hinkel Laega Macha.

Die leit glawga shrecklich die zeita waera so hert, kent nirits arwit greea, alles waer so dunners hoch, un der gelt beitel laer wie en ferderta sei-blows. So yammera die leit, doch sin sie zu meed en mess bittera zulawd sucha. Awer der alt fersuffa Sol waes noch net os mir en bismiss recession hen.

Der anner owit kumt er in'da shtor mit zwa grossa sheena kareb foll oyer. So long os sei nochbara hinkel hen, kon der alt Sol fert macha un brauch net uf die relief. Wie er so feel oyer grickt, is en readsel. Der Levi secht er het ken swansig shtick hinkel, un die waera so alt os sie an shteck gingta.

Der Donnie figgert uf'de cracker box mit'ma shtickel greit un claimt won all em Sol sei hinkel yeder dawg yeders zwa oyer laega daeta un sei drei alta hahna feera, don het er yusht die helft oyer, except die hinkel hetta en dawg un nacht shoft.

Fer denka kon em nemond henka, awer em Sol sei nochbara glawga shrecklich ihra hinkel daeta so ferdunnert shlecht laega, sie daeta gocksa un hetta shaena roata kem, awer ebber het sie ferhext. Awer der alt fersuffa Sol laebt fun seina hinkel. Er will net uf'de relief. Er is bong sei mechta ihm en WPA job gevva un er will net so hert shoffa. Er will sei egner boss sei.

No shtaet der Levi uf, shittelt sei hussa bay un secht er het en hinkel das goot laesa kent, er het's fum'ma shulmaeshter ghondelt fer en bushel sees eppel. Letsht woch war en bild in'da zeiting fum-ma hinkel os en feer zol oy gelaegt hut. Der Levi secht er het selle zeiting im hinkel shtall leia lussa, un der neksht dawg het sell gelaert hinkel en oy gellaegt sex zol gros, un des bild fum sellem hinkel uf henka im shtall. Er claimt wommer sei hinkel lerna daet laesa graecht mer maener un graesera oyer, yusht der Donnie glawbt's net.

—DER GUS.

(English Version)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

To Make Chickens Lay.

The people complain fearfully the times are so hard nobody can get work; everything is so thundering high, and the money bag is as empty as a bursted hog-bladder. So the people lament, yet they are too tired to hunt a mess of bitter salad. But old besotted Sol does not yet know that we have a business recession.

The other evening he came into the store with a large beautiful basket of eggs. So long as his neighbors have chickens, old Sol can make out and need not be on relief. How he gets so many eggs is a mystery. Levi says he does not have twenty head of chickens, and these are so old that they walk on canes.

Donnie figures on a cracker box with a piece of chalk and claims when all of Sol's chickens each day lay two eggs each, and his three old rooster's four, then he has just half his eggs, except the chickens have worked day and night.

For thinking nobody can be hanged, but Sol's neighbors complain frightfully because their chickens lay so bethundered badly; they cackle and have nice red combs, but somebody has bewitched them. But old besotted Sol lives from his chickens. He will not go on relief. He is afraid they might give him a WPA job and he will not work so hard. He will be his own boss.

Then Levi stands up, shakes his pants legs and says he has a chicken that can read good; he traded it from a schoolmaster for a bushel of sweet apples. Last week there was an article in the newspaper about a chicken that laid a 4-inch egg. Levi said he let that newspaper lie in the chicken stable and the next day his educated chicken laid an egg six inches big, and that article about that chicken hanging up in the stable. He claims when we educate our chickens we get more and bigger eggs, only Donnie doesn't believe it.

Publish Date: 14 April 1938

Title: ***Es mecht shoffa***

pail.

Die Buva am Shtor

By William H. Erb.

Es Mecht Shoffa.

Der alt Sol war witter im shtor mit zwa shaena kareb keiftich foll oyer. Des war shun's zwet moal die woch, un er hut yusht about zwansig hinkel. Er hut die oyer, ausgenumma in laeves mittel un en set roat wolna unnerglaeder. Wie's do so warem war, hut er sich sei alte unnerglaeder aus g'nemma, awer shawva warra ihm nei kuma dirich der winter wie er sie aw katta hut, un hen sie foll lecher gfressa. Sie sin nau so foll lecher, er kon sie net em lump amon may ferkawfa.

Er huckt sich naevich der Levi noch dem er sei sacha hut, un bettelt en chaw duwack. Der Levi frokt ihn ferwas er net sei oyer farava daet; abottich an'da Oshtera rum er kent may greea. No shtaet der Levi uf, shittelt's sei hussa bay un secht er het en mon gekent yawra zurick der het immer an'da Oshtera rum seins hinel gfareb welshkern gfeedert, a dawg roates, der neksht blowes, un so fert, un sei hinkel hetta ihm die shenshta faravicha oyer gelaegt os mer saena hut kenna, un der mon waer reich werra.

Awer der alt Sol rollt yusht sei gebettelter chaw duwack in'da anner bocka, un der Levi guckt ebissel g'disappointed os nemond nix secht. No secht der Bill so shpetlich, wie er haera daet wutta sie en law macha os mer ken oyer may ferkawfa darft ohna gshtampt wo un won sie gelaegt sin; un sie hetta shun ebbes wie en rubber stamp os mer in's nesht fixa daet so das es der nawma fum blots un der datem uf alla oy druckt so gshwint os es gelaegt is.

Sell macht awer der alt Sol shpaua un er secht so ebbes gingt gans un gar zu weit, es daet em noch sei bissel recht all eweck nemma os mer gar ken freihaet may het. Es government daet em nau shun zu feel watcha. No nemt er sei shaena kareb un gaet hame.

—DER GUS.

(English version—translated by W. S. Livengood)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

It Might Work.

Old Sol was in the store again with two nice baskets heaping full of eggs. This was already the second time this week, and he has just about twenty chickens. He took the eggs out in food stuffs and a set of red woolen underclothes. When it was so warm here, he took himself out of his old underclothes, but moths got into them during the winter when he had them on, and ate them full of holes. They are now so full of holes that he can't sell them to the rug man anymore.

He sat himself beside Levi after he had got his things, and begged a chew of tobacco. Levi asked him why he didn't color his eggs; around about Easter he could get more for them. Then Levi stood up, shook his pants legs and said he knew a man, years ago, who always around Easter fed colored corn to his chickens, one day red, the next blue, and so on, and his chickens laid him the prettiest colored eggs that we could see, and the man became rich.

But old Sol just rolled his chew of begged tobacco into the other cheek and Levi looked a little disappointed that nobody said nothing. Then Bill said so spitefully how he had heard they had made a law that we daren't sell eggs any more unless they are stamped where they were laid; and they have already something like a rubber stamp we can fix in the nest so that the name of the place is printed on every egg as quick as it is laid.

That made old Sol spit, and he said something like that goes entirely too far; it takes from him yet his little right all away, so we would have no more freedom. The government already watched him too much. Then he took his pretty baskets and went home.

mains to be seen just what will develop in this heavy weight bout.

What a Battle!

As you may know, there are no particular rules in a "Battle Royal." Hitting below the belt is only slightly frowned upon. If one wishes to kick one's opponent in the "slats" after dazing him slightly, the fans will just "eat it up" and yell for more. Nowhere to be seen is that pesky referee who counts ten slowly while the other baby gets his wind back. Oh no, this isn't that kind of a battle. Anything goes—eye gouging, strangle holds, ear bitting, hair pulling, foot twisting and anything else of an excruciating nature that might enter the fighter's mind. No rounds, no saving bells, no ten ounce gloves. What a battle!

Giffy claims that he had an agreement with James that neither would try to tear off the other's trunks, and so expose either to the ridicule of the fans. But James evidently forgot about this agreement with Giff. That's what Giff says. So, from now on, Giff says he has called off his end of the bargain too and threatens to knock the pants off James. Each has been using ether (waves) freely in trying to overcome the other. The only casualties reported thus far have been a few on-lookers who dozed off for awhile. But don't despair. There's more to come.

There are two other fellows milling around in this ring. From where I stand, at the moment, I can't tell whether they're fighters, seconds, or just a couple kibitzers in there by mistake. But we must leave Giffy and Jamesy and see what's going on in the second of the leading rings.

Three Men in Ring.

Well, here's a real thrill. Talk about three men in a tub. How about three men in a fight ring? Butcher, baker, and candle-stick maker? Three butchers might be more appropriate, judging from the amount of blood that threatens to be split. Here we have a bald-headed heavy-weight by the name of Margiotti, a C.I.O. entry named Kennedy and one of the many Jones boys. Kennedy and Jones were former middle-weights and this is their first heavy-weight fight. So far, Margiotti has been furnishing most of the fireworks in this ring and is energetically

Publish Date: 21 April 1938

Title: ***En neier Oshter hoot***

Die Buva am Shtor

By William H. Erb.

En Neier Oshter Hoot.

Wie hochmeetich die weibsleit sin! Mei Sus hut aw en neier hoot havva missa fer Oshtera eb sie in'da karich gae hut kenna. Sie hut en ferdulter shaener hoot aus'ma catalog gepickt un in a pawr dawg hut sie ihn shun grickt dirich die posht. Des gelt hen mir gezaelt katta fer parres gelt, awer mei Sus hut gemaent der parra kent warta bis noch'da ernt fer sei gelt.

Uf kors, mei alte hut shun long ken neier Sundawgs hoot grickt. Des letsht moal war's wie em Sam sei rind ihr ersht kalb grickt hut. Seller hoot war noch net fiel ferrissa un waer noch long ganga. Er war wul nimmy gans in shtyle, un wie die weibsleit sin, sie wolla leever aus da welt sei wie aus da fashion.

Seller alt hoot hut, bei hookey, ivver'n dolar gekusht, yusht er war der Sus nimmy goot genung. No hut aw die Bolly en neier hoot grickt im shtettel, un sell hut mei fraw ebissel jealus gemacht. Sie is en gansa woch do rum geluffa un hut so ferlaetmeetich gegukt wie en shissel foll shmeer kase. Ich hab sie gedauvert. Mei Sus shoft hert un sie is en neier hoot wert so alla drei, feer yawr. Won sie als en neier hoot uf hut, guckt sie so see wie en lollypop.

Uf Oshter dawg sin als die karicha zimlich foll, abottich mit weibsleit, un sheer yeders hut en neier hoot. Wommer ebissel wocka bleibt, kon mer saena wis sie nanner die heet bedrachta. Noch der hond haert mer saena wie sie denka fun dera un fun sellera ihrem hoot. Der hochmut kumt fer'm fall, hut die Mommy gsawgt wie em Mike sei Lisbet die karicha dreppa nunner gfalla is os ihra neier hoot ab gflooga is in'da dreck.

—DER GUS.

(English Version—Translation by W. S. Livengood)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

A New Easter Hat.

How proud the women folks are! My Suze had to have a new hat, too, for Easter, before she could go to church. She picked a superbly beautiful hat out of the catalog, and in a couple of days she got it already through the mail. This money we had counted for pastor's money, but my Suze reckoned the pastor could wait until after harvest for his money.

Of course, my old one had not got a new Sunday hat for a long time. The last time was when Sam's heifer got her first calf. That hat was not torn much yet and would have lasted a long while yet. But it was not quite in style any more, and like the women are, they would sooner be out of the world than out of fashion.

That old hat had, by hookey, cost over a dollar, but it just was not good enough for Suze any more. Then, too, Polly had got a new hat in town, and that had made my wife a little jealous. She had walked around a whole week and looked as sorrowful as a dish full of smear cheese. I pitied her. My Suze works hard and she is worth a new hat every three or four years. Whenever she has a new hat on she looks as sweet as a lollypop.

On Easter Day the churches are always tolerably full, especially with women, and almost everyone has a new hat. When we keep awake a little we can see how they appraise one another's hats. Afterwards we hear what they think of this and that other's hat. Pride comes before a fall, Mommy said when Mike's Elizabeth fell down the church steps as her new hat flew off into the dirt.

Sammy Simp Says:

* * *

Spring . . . 1938

Oh spring! Sweet spring! Oh lovely spring!
You've really come at last.
The cold, hard blasts of the Winter King
Are anchored in the past.
The robin bursts forth merrily
Into a rapturous song,
And little buds, quite warily,
Pierce through their green-clad thongs.
The boys and girls grow dreamy-eyed
As close of school draws near,
Their thoughts go straying far and wide,
Vacation views appear.
And men and women feel it too,
This wondrous touch of spring;
They deck themselves in light gay hues,
Their hearts within them sing.
The old folks sit outside and talk
Of garden plans and such,
And to the people in all walks
Of life it matters much.
And yet how tragic it must be
Elsewhere upon the earth—
In countries just across the sea
Where fear suppresses mirth.
Not fear of God but fear of men
Who make their blood run cold
Or not at all. And even then,
Dissatisfied, become more bold,
And reaching out to other lands
Destroy all forms of life,
Subjecting nations to demands,
Directly causing strife.
If life be short, let it be sweet
And full of joy abound,
And prayers that Christ someday we'll meet
When Gabriel's Trumpet sounds.
How lonely it must be for them
Who lost their church and God,
Whose cruel machines have spattered men
And blood upon the sod.
Ah yes, they sense a curious spring,
Quite different from ours;
They see queer birds upon the wing
And watch peculiar showers.
See how this village, quiet and calm,
Is boisterous once again;
Even the beggar, asking alms,
Forsees the coming rain.
He runs to shelter—looking back
He views forbidding clouds,
And then from out the inky black
A thunder bursts aloud.
The rain falls half an hour or so
Then suddenly it stops;
A gentle breeze begins to blow,
And coming from their shops
The people look upon the scene
With horror and dismay,
For where the beggar should have been
His crutch alone there lay.
And all about are people dead
Or dying painfully,
Here lies a child wihout a head . . .
His mother cannot see;
For she has felt the rain and now
Is gone from earthly life,
No more her son will grip a plow
Nor witness worldly strife.
Oh spring! Sweet spring! Oh lovely spring!
You've really come at last.
The cold, hard blasts of the Winter King
Are anchored in the past.

Publish Date: 28 April 1938

Title: ***Fertich Haus butsa***

midable barrier at Tientsin, where the Chinese Boxers had gathered in great strength in an effort to stay the advance.

Along with the U. S. Marines and other allied troops, men of the 9th Infantry, U.S. Army, had been fighting under their gallant leader, Major James Regan. The fire of Chinese snipers had wounded the officer and several of his men, but the fighting was so heavy elsewhere that none of the other fighting units was able to go to his relief.

At nightfall, when the din of battle had partly subsided, American and British Marines volunteered to remove the wounded to a place of safety. Braving the rifle fire of the belligerent Chinese, three U.S. Marines went to the aid of Major Regan.

They were without Red Cross equipment and they had no litter on which to carry the wounded, so they stripped off their shirts and stretched them over their rifles to improvise a stretcher. Then they carried the wounded officer for three miles over the roughest kind of ground while exposed to the enemy fire.

In commending his rescuers Major Regan wrote: "Such men are worthy of all the distinction the government can confer upon them." The sergeant who led the three marines won the praise of the Secretary of the Navy and a Medal of Honor. Fearful of the fate of the besieged Legations, the triumphant Allies soon brushed aside every obstacle and reached Peking.

Letters From Home

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Recently there descended on Congress from the folks back home a flood of protests on the so-called Reorganization Bill.

Specifically, many of the messages opposed features of the measure which constituents feared would remove certain brakes on spending of the public funds; would grant to the Executive branch of government powers they felt should be limited to the Legislative branch, and would change the administration of our Civil Service.

But fundamentally, in the opinion of experienced observers, what the public most feared was the possibility of further surrender by Congress of the powers and authority entrusted to it by the Constitution and the people.

This apprehension was not groundless. In recent years, in response to pleas of emergency, the public has seen many Congressmen willing to relinquish to the Executive Branch of government and its bureaus responsibilities which they were elected to assume. Every surrender of such authority means, of course, a surrender of the power of the people those Congressmen represent.

If enough of that authority is bartered away, our boasted "balance of powers" between the Legislative, the Executive and the Judicial branches of government can become an empty phrase.

So long as that authority is retained by the people through their elected representatives, Democracy persists. If it is lost, Democracy falls. The Old World today offers eloquent evidence of what can happen to human freedom and human rights when representative government fails to assert itself.

That is something for Congressmen to remember when they read the mail which urges them to fulfill the responsibilities for which they were elected, and thus keep government close to their constituents, the people.

More than 400 lakes are listed in Pennsylvania.

Die Buva am Shtor

By William H. Erb.

Fertich Haus Butsa.

Hurrah! Endlich sin mir fertich mit dem ferdulta haus butsa. Wer die dum fashion aw gfanga hut sut mer, bei hookey, uf henka am grossa zaea un bletshte mit'ra globbort. Awer die weibsleit behawptaes waer os mer's haus so zwa moal's yawr butsa daet, shunsht daeta die nochbara denka mer waer shrecklich dreckich, un besides die wansa un shawva daeta des haus ivverhond nemma. Awer es sheint die weibsleit daeta des haus butsa enjoya wommer sie so haert blaudera.

Ich helf als die Sus. Mir fanga als aw uf'em garret, un ich mus unnich die shparra shluppa die boxa un so dings raus greea, un die Sus flettert der shtaub ab. Sie claimt sie waer zu dick unnich's dach zu grottela. Sie hut's moal gebroveert un is, bei hookey, shtecka bleiva. Ich hab en ferdunnerta zeit katta bis ich witter mei alte uf'da bay katta hab. Wie oft ich mei bludder kup wedder selle shparra gerent hab kent mer saena wommer die della zaelt in'da shparra.

Wommer fertich sin uf'em garret, reisa mir die better ausnanner un sucha fer wansa. No dut mei Sus die betlawda goot wesha mit kochich wasser un shprist coalael. in all die ris un lecher. Sell fixt die ferdeivelta wansa, won's hut. No wesha mir die fenshtera un gretsa der micka dreck ab fum shpeegel, shittela der karbet os die fransela fleega, un gluppa des offa ror os die nochbara maena en band kaemt.

Awer, Grosser Geedy, wommer des offa ror witter innanner macha will, no gaet der dudel ab. Des ror will ken waeg may fitta. Mer maent der alt Harry waer los. Mer ferpetst sich un ferzernt sich os mer alles weeshtes denkt. Es hut mich shun oft gewunnert was der parra secht won er des offa ror innanner macht.

—DER GUS.

(English Version)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

Done House Cleaning.

Hurrah! At last we are done with this bothersome house cleaning. Who began the dumb fashion, we should, by hookey, hang up by the big toes and smack with a clapboard. But the women folks are determined that we shall clean the house so twice a year lest the neighbors think we are frightfully dirty and besides the bedbugs and moths would take the house overhand. But it seems the women folks enjoy this housecleaning, when one hears them talking.

I always help Suze. We begin up in the garret, and I must crawl under the rafters to get out the boxes and such things, and Suze brushes the dust off. She claims she is too thick to crawl in under the roof. She tried it once, and, by hookey, remained stuck. I had a thundering time till I got my old one on the legs again. How often I have rammed my bald head against those rafters we can see if we count the dents in the rafters.

When we are finished up in the garret, we tear the beds apart and hunt for bedbugs. Then my Suze washes the bedsteads good with boiling water and spurts coal oil into all the cracks and holes. That fixes the devilish bedbugs, if there are any. Then we wash the windows and scratch the fly dirt off the mirror, shake the carpet till the raveling flies, and pound the stove pipe so the neighbors think the band is coming.

But, Great Geedy, when we want to put the stove pipe together again, then goes the dudle off. The pipe will no way fit again. One thinks the old Harry is loose. We pinch us and cross us so that we everything ugly think. It has often wondered me what the preacher says when he makes the stove pipe together.

Publish Date: 05 May 1938

Title: ***Sheer Gfuchta***

scholarship test and came out on top. I hadda turn it down though 'cause that summer I begun to see things a little different. Yes sir, I took ta watchin' the college boys when they came home, and it wasn't hard to see that education was the furtherest thing from their minds. All them fellas thought about was girls and drinkin.' They even counted their money in terms of how much beer it would buy.

I used ta ask some of 'em occasionally how they was gettin' along with their studies. 'Oh, pretty good,' they'd say. Look, George, why don't you come up for the football game next weekend? Our fraternity's throwin' a big party after the game and you'd sure be welcome. Oh sure, they'll welcome you too. You'll get parties, drinks, sports and you can elbow around with all them pretty co-eds at the same time . . . but as fer education, you just stick with me boy and I'll see to that——"

"HEY! What's goin' on over here? You two guys get busy with them shovels. We gotta get this road through by the first of the month!"

* * *

Due tell!

Attention all members of the M.H.S. Alumni!!! Due you know that your annual dues are due? This is the forty-first and final notice calling your attention to this vital matter. In accordance with Article 4,898,704; Section 112½, President F. B. Thomas will sit for collection in his drug store from now on until members of the association agree to part with said dues which amount to fifty cents (50c, $0.50, half-a-buck, half-a-check, half-a-dollar) per pate. Penalty for refusal to pay will be carried out in the usual manner, wherein the guilty shall be strapped to a post and given fifty lashes with a lead-loaded bull whip by their consciences.

Die Buva am Shtor

By William H. Erb.

Sheer Gfuchta.

Uf de zwetta Oshtera war en raffel match an's Shlohansa wertshaus uf da anra seid em shtettel. Sie hen geraffelt fer gens un enta. Sie hen aw en sow ab gechanct an zaea cent die chance. Der grumbaenich Hen het die sow, bei hookey, grickt wonner die recht nummer uf em ticket katta het, yusht er hut's net katta.

Es warra sonderbar feel leit an da raffel match, sheer so feel wie am alta dawdy Leffelshlecker seinra leicht, un sie hen sich aw gblesseert. Der Ossie Shlohans hut en lively bisniss gedu am baer der gansa dawg bis shpoot in'de nacht. Dael kerls sin net hame kuma, wie mer kaert hen, bis der neksht miria an feederes zeit.

Etliche fun unsera buva warra aw an da raffel match, awer kens hut en gensel grickt. Sie hen genung gshpend, awer ferdult shlecht glick katta. Der Donnie secht es waer awer alles ehrlich haer ganga, awer so epawr duma kelver hetta sei fun sich gemacht un hetta fechta wulla. Sie hen zu feel in da naws katta, un sell macht narra fun ainnich ebber, so gar won's der shulmeshter selvert is.

Wie der Donnie uns ferzaelt hen sie dert rum gedoobt un gfeishelt wie won sie aus em heisel waera, un hen nanner ferflucht un weeshta nawma kaesa. Yeders hut gebrolt er kent der anner lettera mit ainra hond un noch en bretzel essa. Der aint flucht er daet dem annera die zay in da hals shloga os se hinna zum gnick raus kaemta un ken sie no usa fer collar buttons.

Der anner secht er waer en ferdunnerta leegner, er kens net du; un wonner net ruhich waer daet er ihm der kup fershloga os er gucka daet wie en asel imh gkickt het. Awer es hut weiters nix aus em gfecht gevva am end. Sie hen boll en dutzend moal die reck aus gerissa, die hem armel nuf gewickelt un nanner naus uf de shtros gfudert. Endlich hen sie awer witter uf gemacht un noch ains mit nanner gedrunka. No sin sie hame un hen gsunga "Lauterbach." Sie sin goota nochbara un helfa als immer nanner dresha.

—DER GUS

(English Version)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

Almost Fought.

On the second Easter (Easter Monday) there was a raffle match at Shlohans' tavern on the other side of town. They raffled for geese and ducks. They also chanced off a hog at ten cents a chance. Bowlegged Hen would have got the hog if he would have had the right number on the ticket, only he didn't have it.

There were a great many people at the raffle match, but none got a gosling. They spent enough, but had darned bad luck. But Donnie says everything went on honestly, but a couple of dumb calves made hogs of themselves and wanted to fight. They had too much in the nose and that makes a fool of anyone, even if it was the schoolmaster himself.

The way Donnie told us they dubbed around there and fussed like as if they were out of their heads, and cursed each other and called ugly names. Each one bragged that he could lick the other with one hand and eat a pretzel at the same time. The one swore he'd knock the other's teeth in his throat so they would come out at the nape of his neck, and could then use them for collar buttons.

The other one said he was a damned liar, he couldn't do it; and if he wasn't tired he'd slug him on the head so he'd look like a jackass had kicked him. But nothing came out of the fight in the end. They tore off their coats about a dozen times, rolled up their shirtsleeves and dared each other out into the street. Finally they made up again, however, and drank with each other. Then they went home and sang "Lauterbach." They are good neighbors and always help each other to thresh.

Do You Know That—

Tuberculosis kills more people between the ages of 15 and 25 than any other disease.

When tuberculosis begins there are no symptoms. Later it may give warning by unexplained fatigue, loss of appetite, loss of weight and a persistent cough.

Tuberculosis is not inherited. It comes from contact with a person who has the disease.

Careful doctors use the X-ray method for detecting tuberculosis.

Rest is the best cure for tuberculosis. Chest surgery often helps to cure desperate cases.

Climate is no longer the first essential in curing tuberculosis.

Christmas Seals are the main support of the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated groups.

The first state association established to fight tuberculosis was the Pennsylvania Tuberculosis Society, organized in 1892 by Dr Lawrence F. Flick.

The Pennsylvania Tuberculosis Society and its affiliated organizations are conducting an Early Diagnosis Campaign to show the importance of finding the disease early.

Give Seeding a Chance. — Too thick a stand of grain used as a nurse crop for grass and legume seedings robs the seedling of moisture and shades them too much.

Publish Date: 12 May 1938

Title: ***Sei Shwons maeshta***

Die Buva am Shtor

By William H. Erb.

Sei Shwons Maeshta.

Der anner dawg gaea owit der aebaenich Jim Shpundaloch kumpt an der shtor im a shpringa-wawga. Sei dick fette frau war aw dabei. Sie warra an a sei-fendu gewest un hen a pawr sei hinna drin. Der Jim hut en lut laeves mittel un shmoke duwack gkauft. Er hut cash bezawlt. Er hut en bindel bank nota aus em sock g'zoga os en kuh ferchoka kent. Er raist sei do hinna uf en shtick land so shtaenich os die grobba ferhungera, ower der Jim macht en goote laeva dert un braucht ken government hilf.

Als er wort fer sei wecksel, wickelt er sei hussa bay nuf, un reibt sei hilsa bay mit sond babeer. Er secht sei bay daet ihn so ferdunnert beisa alle frie-yawr os er sheer narrish worra daet. Er wist der dunner net was lets waer. Der Levi maent es waer ferleicht das die soft shteiga daet im holz im frie-yawr.

Mir froga ihn a bissel fun sei zeega als er an der deer shtaet mit sei arem foll shtor sacha. Er secht mir sutta mit naus gae die sei saena was er uf'em wawga het. "Selle dicke dert fonna mit-'em shlop bonert uf," secht er, "is mei alte frau; die sei sin hinna drin."

Wie sie fert warra, hen mir uns noch eweil uf der shtor borch kuckt. Es war en shaener owit; die shtarna hen g'gliteert im himmel wie mein Sus ihra zaea-cent brusht shpell. Ivverweil shtaet der Levi uf un shittelt's hussa bay. No laegt er sich so shep wedder en borch poshta un secht er hut en bauer gekent uf die anner seid em Nager Barick wo het grose fette sei gezoga, awer immer eb er sie awganga het maeshta het er seine sei die shwons abgeshnitta. Won als die leit ihn frogt hen fer wass er sell daet, hut er gsawkt die sei shwons daet er net essa, un es daet net bezawla sie zu feedera. Sell fuder kent mer shpawra.

—DER GUS.

(English Version)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

Pig Tail Fattening.

The other day toward evening came the one-legged Jim Shpundaloch to the store in a spring-wagon. His thick fat wife was along. They had been at a hog auction and had a couple of hogs in behind. Jim bought a lot of food stuffs and smoking tobacco. He paid cash. He pulled a bundle of bank notes out of his pocket that could choke a cow. He raises hogs back here on a piece of land that the crows go hungry on, but Jim makes a good living there and needs no government help.

As he waited for his change, he rolled up his trousers leg and rubbed his wooden leg with sand paper. He said his leg itched him so thundering every spring-time that he almost went crazy. He did not know what in thunder was wrong. Levi thought it was perhaps because the sap rises in the wood in the spring of the year.

We questioned him a little about hog-raising as he stood at the door with his arms full of store things. He said we should come out and see the hogs he had in the wagon. "That thick one in front there, with the slop bonnet on, is my old woman," said he; "the hogs are in behind."

When they were gone we sat ourselves yet awhile on the store porch. It was a beautiful evening; the stars glittered in the sky like my Suze's ten-cent breatst-pin. Afterwhile Levi stood up and shook his pants legs. Then he leaned himself so slant against a porch post and said he knew a farmer on the other side of Negro Mountain who also raised big fat hogs, but always before he began fattening them, he cut off his hogs' tails. When the people asked him why he did that he said he did not eat pig tails, and it did not pay to feed them. That fodder could be saved.

Publish Date: 19 May 1938

Title: ***Sell is der Druvel***

Die Buva am Shtor

By William H. Erb.

Sell Is Der Druvel.

Die brimary lection is endlich ferbei, awer der Levi un der grumbaenich Hen shmoka als noch segaers. Sie warra der gansa dawg an'da lection rum gshtonna wie so ferhungerta hund wommer butchert. Sie hen sich bei denna lection buva uf kalta, un der Levi hut gebrolt un geloga os shrecklich war, un der grumbaenich Hen hut yusht naeva draw gshtonna so grumbaenich wie en holsbock, yusht sei bay sin der anner waeg geboga. Sie hen awer net gshtimt bis gans am letshta un bis die segaers all aus gedaelt warra. Der Levi is tricky un der Hen is yusht dum.

All die kerls hen ferdunnert hert g'lectioneert. Die ae set hut die anner set deeb un shpitsbuva kaesa un alles was maen un dreckich war, un uns aus gelaegt won sie nei kaemta gingt des lond zu grund. Awer yeder seid hut fershprocha sie daeta shoffa os mir wennicher toxa hetta, maener gelt un das die gebrodna dauva em in's maul fleega daeta.

Der Bill maent won die kerls won sie im amt waera alla moal daeta was sie fershprocha hetta, breicht nemond may bei dera zeit en cent tox bezawla. Awer der Levi secht so fershpreches waer yusht en werem an'ra ongel fer suckers fanga.

No zupt der horich Hen eweil an seim shtruvlicha bockabort un secht er daet huffa der besht het gewunna, awer als moal het der besht so wennich chance uf'da ticket zu kuma wie en sow uf glot ice. No shart er hinnich'de oara un secht er daet als moal glawva es waer yusht so goot wommer all die nawma fun'de kondidata in'en hoot daet un daet no ebber ehrliches die awga zu binna un en nawma zeega lussa. Sell daet em goverment en lut gelt shpawra, un nemond breicht die anner seid shtumbeera un monhondela, un mer graecht grawd so goota beamta.

Sell waer ken so'en dummer waeg, agreet der Bill, yusht der druvel waer wo daet mer ebber ehrliches finna.

—DER GUS

(English Version)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

That Is the Trouble.

The primary election is at last over, but Levi and bow-legged Hen are still smoking cigars. They were at the election the whole day standing around like hungry dogs at a butchering. They kept themselves around the election boys, and Levi bragged and lied frightfully, but bow-legged Hen just stood close by as crooked-legged as a woodbuck, only his legs were bent the other way. But they did not give up before the very last and until all of the cigars were dealt out. Levi is tricky and Hen is just dumb.

All the fellows electioneered thundering hard. The one set called the other set thieves and rascals and everything that was mean and dirty, and laid it out to us that if they came in, the country would go to the ground. But each side promised they would work so we would have less taxes, more money and the roasted doves would fly in the mouth.

Bill thought if the fellows would do everything they promised when they were in office, nobody would have to pay a cent of tax by that time. But Levi said such promises were just a worm on the hook to catch suckers.

Then hairy Hen pulled at his strubly side-whiskers a while and said he hoped the best had won, but always the best had as little chance to get on the ticket as a hog on sleet ice. Then he scratched behind the ears and said he sometimes believed it would be just as good if we would put the names of all the candidates in a hat and then blindfold some honest person and let him draw a name. That would save the government a lot of money, and nobody would need to denounce and manhandle the other side, and we would get quite as good officers.

That was not such a dumb way, agreed Bill, only the trouble was where would we find somebody so honest.

We wish that face-paint improved the looks of things as much as wall-paint.

Publish Date: 26 May 1938

Title: ***Mer denkt zu feel***

Die Buva am Shtor

Mer Denkt Zu Feel.

Ich grick mei peif fum mantel shelf,
Mei duwock sock fum hoka;
Ich huck mich in mei shuckel shtool
Un du so ruhich shmoka.

Ich shuckel mich so he un haer
Un du ebissel denka;
Fer denka, wie des law buch secht,
Kon mich yo nemond henka.

Ich denk an all die leit do rum
Wo in der gagend wohna;
Mit yedem sheint's is ebbes lets,
Mer kon ken ainer sehna.

Dael sin net ehrlich, sie besheisa,
Kon ihna net weit draua;
Un anra leega alla wort
Un duna duwock kaua.

Deal sin so geizich un so maen,
Sie essa gar ken kucha,
Un won sie shwetsa hut's ken ort,
Sie duna nix wie flucha.

Es hut ken rechta goot leit,
Sin kenna os recht soota,
Yusht ich, un aw ferleicht mei fraw,
Mir sin noch fun'da goota.

Mer denkt zu feel, so sheint's zu mir,
An anra leit ihr sacha;
Waer besser wommer drawma daet,
Daet net so druvel macha.

Ich laeg mei peif uf's mantel shelf,
Des denka du ich shtuppa;
Ich hab gewis genung zu du
An meinra naws zu zuppa.

—DER GUS.

(English Version)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE
We Think Too Much.

I get my pipe from mantel shelf
My tobacco sack from hook;
I seat myself in my rocking chair
And do so restful smoke.

I rock myself back and forth
And do a little thinking;
For thinking, like the law book says,
Nobody sure can hang me.

I thing about all the folks around here,
Who in the neighborhood live;
With each it seems something is wrong,
We can no other one see.

Some are not honest, they cheat;
Can them not far to trust;
And others lie every word they say,
And do tobacco chew.

Some are so stingy and so mean,
They eat verily no cake;
And when they talk it has no sense;
They do nothing but swear.

There are no really good people;
There's none that suits right,
Just I, and perhaps also my wife,
We are still among the good.

We think too much, so it seems to me,
About other people's things.
'Twere better if we only dreamed
And not such trouble made.

I lay my pipe on the mantle shelf,
This thinking I do stop;
I have really enough to do
At my nose to pull.

Publish Date: 02 June 1938

Title: ***Yusht Gshpas gemacht***

Die Buva am Shtor

Yusht Gshpas Gemacht.

Epawr fun'da buva hen huf-eisa gepitcht; die anra hen sie gewatcht Der grumbaenich Hen hut uf'da shtor borch gelaega un hut gshlofa wie en meeder yawg hund. Mit dem daylight saving lebdawg hen mir en shtun maener dawges licht. We die shtun haer kumt, waes die kuh. Mir essa nau des owit essa so halb nomiddawgs, won die sun noch ivver drei fus ovvich-'em walnis baum shtaet.

Feel leit glawva net os mensha monkeya sut mit dem dawges licht. Sie claima es waer gottles un dum. Em Donnie sei Mommy is eins fun sella. Alla Sundawg, wo karich is, kumt sie en shtun shpoat mit ihr-em karicha bonert uf. Won die karich aus is un die dear fershlus-sa, huckt die Mommy sich in'de karicha shed en gansa shtun un dankt Gott das sie net so ferkaert is wie so feel anra. Sie shtaet im-mer a shtun uf eb die sun uf gaet, wie ihra mutter un grosmutter als sin, un gaet in's bet mit'da hinkel. Die Mommy is ihra aege kups wie en shnitsel bonk.

No hucka mir uns noch eweil uf'da shtor borch un blaudera fum welshkern blonsa un so anra sacha. Der Donnie yammert die ferdun-nerta grobba daeta ihm so hesslich feel ferhausa, er het drei butsa menner im welshkern shtick awer es daet ken goat; mir ken selle grobba net fershrecka; sie daeta yo net fert fleega won er kaemt.

Der Bill shmunselt un maent die grobba daeta gewis maena der Donnie waer yusht noch en anra butsa mon; sie kenta gewis ken unnershit saena. No lacht der Bill un secht mer kent's dena grobba net ferdenka; es waer ken so'en grosser unnershit, except en butsa mon daet ken duwock kaua.

Sell dut der Donnie so halver ferzerna un er shpaut wedder der awbin poshta, un secht so kerz ab der Bill sut an seinra aegna naws suppa; sei awfa gfress daet ken premium greea am'ma monkey show. No shpaut er witter en maul foll duwock bree wie en fer-zernter hoy shrecker.

"Nix fer ungoot," secht der Bill, "es hut butsa menner os net so shloppich gucka."

—DER GUS.

(English Version)

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

Just Made Fun.

A couple of the boys pitched horseshoes. The others watched them. Bow-legged Hen lay on the store porch and slept like a tired hound. With the daylight saving living-day we have an hour more daylight. Where the extra hour comes from, the cow knows.

We eat the evening meal now about the middle of the afternoon, when the sun still stands three feet over the walnut tree.

Many people do not believe that men should monkey with the day-light. They claim it is godless and dumb. Donny's mammy is one of those. Every Sunday when there is church she comes one hour late with her church bonnet on. When church is out and the door locked, Mommy seats herself a whole hour in the church shed and thanks God that she is not so foolish like many others. She always rises an hour before sun-up, like her mother and grandmother did, and goes to bed with the chickens.

Then we sit on the store porch a while and talk about corn plant-ing and such things. Donnie com-plains that the plagued crows do him so much damage; he has three scarecrows in the corn patch, but is does no good; one can't frighten those crows; they even don't fly away when he comes.

Bill grins and insinuates that the crows really think Donnie is just another scarecrow; they really cannot see any difference. Then Bill laughs and says we can't blame the crows; there is not such a big different, except a scarecrow does not chew tobacco.

That makes Donnie about half mad, and he spits against the hitching post, and says so short, that Bill should pull at his own nose. His apish humor would not take a premium at a money show. Then he spits another mouthful of tobacco juice like an angry grass-hopper.

"Nevertheless," says Bill, "there are scarecrows that do not look so sloppy."

Monday night. This is the second of a series of summer amusements planned by the local fire depart-ment.

Included in the show will be the Reed Sisters, singing and dancing sweethearts; Buddy Neal, ace of blackface comedians, Jimmy Johns-ton, magician; McIntyre and Mc-Intyre, comedy team; Prince, the wonder dog, and Evelyn Conaway and her dancing beauties.

Plan Curriculum.

Students in the Berlin-Brothers-valley high school during the past week have been signifying their intentions as to their course of study for next year. Supervising Principal Norman Miller stated that a large number of the present Sophomore class desire to take the commercial course, and in order to

HUMPTY DU

Publish Date: 09 June 1938

Title: ***Shpatseer Ride Diricha***

Die Buva am Shtor

Shpatseer Ride Diricha Lond.

Die weibsleit hen shun eweil haer geyammert sie wulla en shpatseer ride nemma moal ae shaener Sundawg nomiddawgs, un die hibsh londshaft saena. Won die weibsleit moal ebbes wulla, don wulla sie's, bei hookey, un do macht's ken dunner aus was mir arma monsleit sawga. Uf kors, in dera gshicht warra mir buva all bums reddy.

Der Mike grickt sei robbel koshta raus un lawt sei Lisbet uf un noch shpawr anra. Ich un mei Sus gaena mit'em Sam un'de Lovina. Er hut sei huckster truck ferdult foll katta. Dert war der Levi, der Bill un sei alte, der grutsich Donnie, un der horich Hen un sei fraw, all hinna drin wie eigebixts hinkel. Der truck is naeva uf un sell macht's hendich wommer chawt. Mer kon naeva naus shpaus un dut weiters nix fersaus. Ich hab fonna beim Sam kuckt, un der Levi un der Donnie uf'em letshta sits hinna.

Die Mommy war net debei. Sie glawbt net an des Sundawg shpatseer fora. Der alt Sol war aw eigelawta, awer er is net so munder. Un der grumbaenich Hen hut keu sauver hem katta.

Mir sin all ivver do hinna rum gfora. Mir warra am Shnubba Hans seinra hinkel bauerei. Er secht er het sei bruder do kerzlich bedrauva un alles was er katta het waer ans weisa-haus gangs. Der Bill frookt ihn eb er feel zurick gelust het. Der Shnubba Hans shnubst un secht. "Siva kinner."

Uf'em waeg hame ferzaelt der Levi der Shnubba Hans het iris shlechta awga, awer die anner woch waer er beim'ma awga ductor gewest un het sich en brill grickt. Der neksht dagw, wie der Levi secht, is der Shnubba Hans ivver die falter noch'em shtor, wie sei gebrauch is, un sicht, bei hookey, os er mit'ma butsa mon als geblaudert hut alla moal os er dert ferbei is, un hut gemaent es waer seim nochbar sei knecht.

Mir sin all safe hame kuma. Der Donnie waer ivvers tail bord naus gfalla won der Levi ihn net am bussa bay gfanga het.

—Der Gus.

Publish Date: 09 June 1938

Title: ***Sundawg Shoffa***

Die Buva am Shtor

Sundawg Shoffa.

Es war doch an ferdunnerta zeit draus beim Sam letsht Sundawg bis sie reddy warra fer noch'da karich. Der Sam hut sich net bolveera kenna, sei bolveer messer war so greislich shtumb dos es kent ken hora ab shneita kenna. Er hut sich gshaupt wie wommer en sow shaupt bis sei gsicht guckt wonner die raetela het. Endlich nemt er's butcher messer un bolveert sich so halver mit sellem. Sei Lovina secht, es bolveer messer het goot gshnitta der anner dawg wie sie die grawva ronka ab gshnitta het, sie ken net saena was des messer so shtumb gsmacht het.

Sie warra awer all reddy bis ich un die Sus he kuma sin. Mir hetta wul lawfa kenna noch'da karich, yusht es guckt graeser wommer gfora kumt inra machine, un der Sam hut immer blots fer'a pawr in seim huckster truck. Die micka sin drin rum gshwermt wie eema um'en kevich. Es hut aw ebissel gshtunka fun fish un zwivela un so'da gleicha, awer es is besser shtinkich gfora wie gluffa. Es hut net feel leit may os lawfa won sie fora kenna. Awer wie der horich Hen als secht, mir sin gebora mit zwae bay un mer sut sie aw usa un net yusht fer kicka.

Es is doch irig wie feel leit shoffa uf den heilicha Sundawg, un shoffa was gar net notwennich is. Uf'em waeg noch'da karich, hen mir ainer gsaena am misht fora, en anra hut fens gemacht, un so en laofer wo en gansa woch nix dut war am seishtall decka. Sie wissa doch, bredicht der Sam, os mer yusht sex dawga shoffa sol, sell is, wommer arwit hut, awer so leit sheins hen des ding ferdraet un duna sex dawgs rum bombla un shoffa den siveta.

Varum doel leit daeta shoffa on Sundawgs un gaena fisha alla dawg in'da woch is en raetsel os en shulmeshter net antworta kon. Mei Sus maent sie daeta's ferleicht yusht fer contrary zu sei.

—DER GUS

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

Sunday Work.

There was a bethundered time out by Sam's last Sunday till they were ready to go to church. Sam couldn't shave himself; his razor was so terribly dull that it could not cut off any hair. He scraped like when one scrapes a hog, till his face looked as if he had the measles. Finally he took the butcher knife and half shaved himself with that. His Lovina said the razor cut good the other day when she cut off the grape vines with it; she can't see what made the knife so dull.

They were all ready when I and Suze came here. We could as well walk to church, but it looks bigger when we come riding in a machine, and Sam always has place for a couple in his huckster truck. The flies swarmed around in it like bees around a hive. It also stunk a little from fish and onions and such like, but it is better to drive stinkish than to walk. There are not many people any more that walk when they can drive. But as hairy Hen says, we are born with two legs and we should use them and not just for kicking.

It is just awful how many people work on the holy sabbath day, and do work that is entirely unnecessary. On the way to church we saw one who was hauling manure; another made fence, and a certain loafer who does nothing the entire week was roofing his hog stable. They know, preached Sam, that we shall work just six days, that is when we have work, but some people it seems, have the thing turned around, and just fool around for six days and work on the seventh.

Why some people work on Sunday and go fishing every other day in the week is a question that a schoolmaster cannot answer. My Suze thanks they do it, perhaps, just to be contrary. GUS.

as a small chapel if the usage warrants it.

Birthday Dinner for Mrs. P. L. Stahl.

A number of descendents of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Stahl gathered at the Stahl home on West Main street, Sunday, to surprise Mrs. Stahl on the anniversary of her natal day.

Those present included: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Phillips, Central City; James Stahl and daughter, Berlin R. D. 4; Mr. and Mrs. George Stahl and daughter, Berlin R. D. 4; Mr. and Mrs. George Stahl and children, Paul, Shirley and Robert, Berlin R. D. 4; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brant and daughter, Evelyn, Berlin; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Stahl and daughter, Connie, Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sarver and son, James, Grey; Jack Mitchell, Rockwood; Elwood Lytle, Berlin; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sterner, Central City; Mr. and Mrs. George Phillips and daughter, Sandra Lee, Central City.

Auxiliary Officers.

The local post of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the American Legion elected the following officers this week: Elizabeth Johnson, president; Mrs. A. C. Turney, vice president; Mrs. William Keller, 2nd vice president; Mrs. Freeman Tipton, secretary; Mrs. Ralph Glessner, treasurer; Mrs. Harry Benning, chaplain, and Mrs. Morris Strawn, sergeant-at-arms.

Sportsmen Meet Friday.

Members of the Berlin Sportsmen's Association will meet Friday evening in the First National Bank building. Important business will be discussed, and members are requested to attend.

Hospital Patients.

Miss Dorothy Logue, daughter of Harvey N. Logue, is a patient in the Somerset Community Hospital, recovering from an appendicitis operation. Mrs. Norman Mil-

Publish Date: 30 June 1938

Title: ***Ice Cream Fesht fer die Heida***

Die Buva am Shtor

Ice Cream Fesht Fer Die Heida.

Die Nay Society fundie karich hen en abbeera fesht havva wulla fer gelt raisa fer'de heida, awer es hut en ice cream fesht gevva inshtads. Sie hen awer en shtenner foll abbeera ice cream katta.

Der Sam hut den weibsleit fershprucha er daet sorga os sie abbeera hetta, awer es is irits ebbes lets ganga. Er hut en crate shaena abbeera kauft im shtettel, awer wie er hame kumt, war ken hor un shwons fun abbeera zu finna. Sei truck war so laer wie en kee shtall in'da waed zeit. Sell is wie's ganga is os des abbeera en ice cream fesht war. Der Sam is en sobera mon, yusht er glawbt an hexa.

Mei Sus is der gelt-haever fun die Nay Society, un ich hab ebissel kulfa ice cream sheppa. Ich hab als der ice cream dipper ab gshleckt won nemond geguckt hut. Die Sus hut die blates gewesha un die shtumpa gfressa. Der neksht dawg warra mir alla zwae unnich-'em wetter. Ice cream is gsund, sawga sie, yusht mer kon aw zu feel fressa. Mir hen awer en goote zeit katta, un der neksht dawg leibway.

Em horicha Hen sei alte kaert aw zu'da Nay Society, un er hut aw kulfa am ice cream sheppa. Yusht alla moal os er der shtenner uf deckt, shlaeft er sei whiskers ivver's ice cream. Er hut sei shtruvelicher bockabort hesslich fershmeert. Sei katz hut blowdera uf'da zung katta bis sie sei bockabort sauver gshleckt hut katta.

Es war edael zuker sach ivverich un die weibsleit hen's so ferdaelt unnich nanner. Mei Sus hut en dut foll gumdrops hame gebrucht un en lut grundnis candy. Wie mer haert hen sie gelt ferlora am soft drinka. Der Donnie hut dert kulfa un der neksht dawg is noch sassafril aus'em Donnie seina oara gelaffa.

Die Nay Society hut drei dolar un zwelf cent gemacht and des fesht fer die heida.

DER GUS.

(English Version).

THE BOYS AT THE STORE

Ice Cream Festival for the Heathen.

The Sewing Society of the church wanted to have a strawberry festival to raise money for the heathen, but it proved to be an ice cream festival instead, but they had a container full of strawberry ice cream.

Sam had promised the women that he would see to it that they would have strawberries, but somehow something went wrong. He bought a crate of nice strawberries in town, but when he came home, there was not a hair or tail of strawberries to be found. His truck was as empty as a cow stable in pasture time. That is how it went that this strawberry festival was an ice cream festival. Sam is a sober man, only he believes in witches.

My Suze is the treasurer of the Sewing Society, and I helped a little to scoop out the ice cream. I licked the ice cream dipper when nobody was looking. Suze washed the plates and devoured the leavings. The next day both were under the weather. Ice cream is wholesome, they say, only we can devour too much. But we had a good time, and the next day diarrhea.

Hairy Hen's old woman also belongs to the Sewing Society, and he also helped to dip out ice cream. Only every time he uncovered the container his whiskers stroked over the ice cream. He had his struvelly cheekbeard frightfully besmeared. His cat had blisters on her tongue by the time she had his cheekbeard licked clean.

There were some sweets left over and the women divided them with one another. My Suze brought a bag full of gumdrops home, and a lot of peanut candy. It is rumored that they lost money on soft drinks. Donnie helped there, and the next day yet sarsaparilla was running out of Donnie's ears.

The Sewing Society made three dollars and twelve cents at the festival for the heathen.

GUS.

Publish Date: 21 July 1938

Title: ***Hembeera Grets***

Die Buva am Shtor

Hembeera Grets.

Es war, bei hookey, lecherich wie die buva grotsa un sharra, yusht won du selvert der hembeera grets husht, is es net so gshpossich. Mir buva warra hembeera rubba do hinna im holslond, un yeders hut glei sei gsher foll kattа. Hembeera boy sin goot, un mei Sus waes wie sie zu bocka, un frisha hembeera mit seese milich macht em's maul wessera wommer yusht draw denkt.

Der grumbaenich Hen hut immer sei hussa bay nuf gewickelt un shart sei derra, gruma bay os mer'n dauvera mus, un der horich Hen reibt in seim shtruvliche bockabort rum wie won er shawva havva kent oder aw der hembeera grets. No kumt der aebaenich Jim un sei dicka fraw an'da shtor gfora uf'em waeg noch'em shtettel mit'ra load hembeera. Als der Jim mit uns blaudert, zeegt er sei hussa nuf un reibt sei hilsa bay mit sond babeer os die shlivera fleega. Er hut aw der hembeera grets.

Sichsht du seller mon dert sharra,
Macht en gsicht als wie en gnarra,
Ebbes is dert lets.
Grotst un shart un kon net shtubba
Geshter war er hembeera rubba.
Nau hut er der grets.
Husht du shun so ebbes katta,
Gar ken mittel sheint zu botta,
Beist als may un may;
Un es bot ken cent zu heila,
Mus mit grotsa sich ferweila
Wie en hund mit flay.
Grets zu havva is net hendich,
Zeegt sich ab sheer gar levendich,
Grotst ball dawg un nacht.
Grotst un shart un halt aw sharra,
So die fetta wie die derra,
Un ken ainer lacht.
'Sis en pein, lus mir dir sawga,
Mus es doch geduldich drawga,
Waes fun was ich shwets.
Ich war ganga hembeera sucha,
Mus nau grotsa, kent sheer flucha,
Ich hab aw der grets.

—DER GUS.

Publish Date: 28 July 1938

Title: ***Er war net dert***

Die Buva am Shtor

Er War Net Dert.

Em horiche Hen sei Johnny is en shlury. Er lerbt goot in'da shul un gaet als mit seim pap die graever busta uf'em karich hof. Der anner dawg shickt sei mem, die Bolly, ihn noch'em shtor fer zwae pund brunes. Die Bolly dut als brunes abkoeha won sie bsuch greea. Abgekochta beera shnite sin feel leit leever, yusht sie gucka net gans so stylish uf'em dish, bottich wommer bsuch hut.

Wie der Johnny hame kuma is, hut er yusht bout en pund brunes in seinra dut katta. Sei mem guckt die dut aw, no ihr yunger un frookt eb er em Mike gsawgt het sie wut zwae pund brunes havva. Der yung guckt ebissel sheepish un nuckt der kup os sei shtro hoot ab fleegt unnich der dish.

Die Bolly grickt die butter woak, awer die brunes hen yusht, bei hookey, ebissel ivver'n pund gewooga. Sie kon's net fershtay. "Bisht du sure," frookt sie ihr Johnny witter un guckt ihn grawd in'de awga aw, "das du der Mike gfrookt husht fer zwae pund?" Der yung nuckt witter sei kup un maent die brunes mechta ferleicht ei gedert sei uf'em waeg hame, die sun waer shrecklich haes.

Sell hut sei mem awer net gelawbt. Sie grickt ihr shlop bonert aus'em keller waeg un nemt die brunes grawd naus in'da shtor. Sie war so drei fertels ferzernt. "Ich hab mei buh gshickt fer zwae pund brunes, "fangt sie aw, "awer du husht mir yusht en pund gshickt, wie kum's?"

"Bolly," antwort der Mike als er sei bleipencil hinnich's oar shteckt, "es waer ferleicht nix dummes wommer der Johnny weega daet inshtads die brunes."

Wie die Bolly hame kumt, ruft sie em Johnny, un die sei gnarra won ebber im sei shtall sei kent. "Wer's im sei shtall?" ruft sie, "bisht du, Johnny?" "Nay," kumt die antwort, "'sis nemond do, yusht die sei."

—Der Gus.

Publish Date: 11 August 1938

Title: ***Keel un Gemechlich***

Die Buva am Shtor

Keel un Gemechlich.

Es war en shtick in'da zeiting wie mer keel un gemechlich sei kent in'da hunds dawga. Mei Sus hut sell shtick raus gshnitta un in's gebaet-buch gelaegt. Es hut awer so feel grossa worta die mei Sus net waes was sie maena. Unser gelaerta shulmeshter is not do alla weil, shunsht kent er meinra alte helfa mit dena long worta.

Der anner Sundawg nomiddawg hut der horich Hen un sei dick Bolly uns bsucht un mir hen unnich'em kersha bawm kuckt im shodda, geyammert un gshwitst. Es war gwitters haes. Die Sus grickt sell shtick aus'em gebaet buch un geb's em Hen zu laesa. Er is lenger in'de shul ganga wie mei fraw un kon lengera worta aus shprecha sheer so shlick wie en fendu groyer.

Wie des shtick secht kon mer sich keel halta wommer sich alla dawg wesht fun kup zu fuss mit warem wasser un saef. Es hut awer leit do rum, so wie der alt Sol, os net gawva an sich immer wesha yusht won's notwennich is. Wommer sich so oft wesha daet, wie's secht, maena sie, waer der brunna laer eb die hawver ern. Der horich Hen is en sauvera mon yusht er maent aw sich gans ivver wesha alla dawg waer zu feel, er graecht gern reises in sei gleeder won er so oft nass werra daet. Sei Bolly lacht yusht os ihr dicker leib shittelt wie en shissel foll zitterley un maent won ihra Hen sich alla dawg wesha daet, kaemt die welt zum end.

Sell shtick secht aw mer sut sei shu un shtrimp oft wecksela, un sut net die shtrimp es zwet moal awdu ohna gewesha. Die menshta do rum kenna net oft shu un shtrimp wecksela. Won sie epawr gansa shu hen fer Sundawgs un epawr fer shoffa, sin sie dankbar. Won ihra fees haes werra ken sie borfeesich, un waera ken shtrimp in summer, except won sie noch'ra lecht gaena. So zeiting shreiver wissa net alles, bei hookey.

—DER GUS.

Publish Date: 18 August 1938

Title: ***Sell Blow Peteberly***

Die Buva am Shtor

Sell Blow Peteberly.

Wommer als bsuch grickt, wert gerisht wie won der bsuch nix may zu essa het dehame un waera halver ferhungert. Es Sam's hen bsuch katta ivver Sundawg, un die Lovina hut die gans woch gebocka un gerisht os sie sheer doat war in dera hits. Awer sie hut, bei hookey, en goot essa katta. Der Sam hut en lut oranges un so dings fum shtettel gebrucht un pawr pund so glaena cookies os mer uf aemoal in's maul shtecka kon un hut noch blots fer epawr leffel foll abgekuchta beera shnite.

Wie sie gessa hen katta un hen eweil so rum kuckt unnich'em kersha bawm im shodda, secht die Lovina der Sam sut aemoal en pitcherly foll bittera zulawd wei hulla. Sie secht sie het kaert bittera zulawd wei waer gsund awer sie het fergessa ferwas. Der Sam lacht er daet denka es waer goot fer wasever em faila daet. Der bsuch lacht aw wie won sie seller joke seilaeva noch net kaert hetta.

Der Sam nemt der glay blow pitcherly aus'em eck shonk wo sei Lovina fun hame grickt hut un war sheer en hunnert yawr alt, un gaet in'da keller fer bittera zulawd wei. Awer wie er so halb waegs die shtaeg drunna war, shtulbert er, bei hookey, un fallt die shtaeg nunner os es glebbert.

Die Lovina shpringt an'de keller shtaeg un ruft, "Sam, Sam, grosser himmel, is mei blow pitcherly ferbrucha?"

"Nay," secht der Sam als er so longsom uf grottelt, "awer er is nau, bei heck," un shmeist des blow pitcherly uf'da buttom os es in dausand shticker fleegt.

Wie der beuch hame war, hen der Sam un sei Lovina zimliche haesa worta katta fer epawr dawg, awer sie hen nau witter uf gemacht un der Sam hut seinra alte en glaener blower pitcher hame gebrucht fum shtettel fer zaea cent. Der Donnie maent es waer kinnerish zu fechta wommer en alter pitcher ferbrecha daet, un abottich wonner laer waer.

—DER GUS

Publish Date: 25 August 1938

Title: ***Sicht's zu Shpoot***

Die Buva am Shtor

Sicht's Zu Shpoot.

Der Donnie hut net an unser wasmerlung fesht kuma kenna. Er war dehame rum kickelt uf gricka. Sei zwae bay hut er weesht way gedu wie er fum beera bawm gfella is. Es war sei segne shult. Er het besser wissa sulla fer'n mon fun seinra elt un er secht nau er daet saena wo er sei mistake gemacht het.

Er hut en fauler nasht ab zaea wella, yusht er is zu weit uf'em nasht naus un hut no gemaent er kent der nasht am shtom ab zaea, awer is mit'em nasht runner gfalla. Es nemt long ferra dael leit ihra mistakes saena, un als moal missa sie, bei hookey, en bay ferbrecha.

Der Bill ferzaelt uns no der dickseckich Ambrose un sei Tillie hetta shtreit katta. Yeders hut dem anra sawga wulla wie en gluck zu setsa. Der Tillie hut ihr Ambrose en nar kaesa un er waer immer ainer gewest, er set sich aw gshtelt wie'n nar wie sie keirt hatta. Der Ambrose secht er het sich net yusht so aw gshtelt, er waer en ferdunnerter nar gewest, awer er het's net aus gfunna bis es zu shpoot war.

No guckt der Levi so shep un'da borcha poshta rum un wunnert eb mir shun kaert hetta fum shlover Danny. Wie er secht hut der shlover Danny epawr kelver in'da waed du wella, un wie er ende fort kumt, bint er ae kalb an ae shtivel ror un des anner an's anner. Awer, Grosser Geedy, eb er ae rigel haus hut, shpringa die kelver ab un shlaefa der shlover Danny ivver's hawver shtick un dirich en derna patch eb der Willie, sei knecht, ihn erretta kon.

Owits am dish secht sei fraw, "Du hesht aw besser wissa sulla." "Ya," secht er, "ich hab nei mistake gsaena wie die kelver mich dirich die blackbeera derna gshlaeft hen, awer es war zu shpoot."

—DER GUS.

Publish Date: 22 September 1938

Title: ***Maena mer waer Gronk***

Die Buva am Shtor

Maena Mer Waer Gronk.

Mer waes net immer was em failt, un als emoal waes mer net, bei hookey, os mer gronk is bis der lawdamacher em hult. Die buva claima es het leit die daeta maena sie waera gronk won sie so gsund waera wie en awpel. So leit sin immer beim ductor un fressa pilla wie en sow welshkern, un hen der text erwaelt fer ihra leichta bredich. Won der ductor so leit en bexel foll brod pilla gebt, sin sie besser eb sie gans dehame sin, abottich won sie glawva hen an'da ductor.

No hucka mir dert rum uf'da shtor borch un kens hut ebbes zu sawga. Es war so ruhich mer hut em Donnie sei wanga haera grecksa als er sei duwock kaut. Der grumbaenich shnerxt uf'da bonk. Es laut sheer wie des yammeres os mer haert ivver der radio. Sie haes's singa, awer won sell singa is, don sin em shlover Danny sei kelver opera singers.

Letsht woch war em uncle Grobbafus sei knecht im shtor un er hut uns gsawgt der alt chap het shrecklich die rumadis, er kent sheer nimmy naus lawfa an's shmook heisel. Der Bill gleicht ebber ebissel zu retsa un er secht der alt Grobbafus daet yusht maena er het die rumadis, des gronk sei waer yusht notion. Geshter shtopt der knecht am Bill seim blackshmid shop un der Bill frookt so shpetlich eb der alt uncle noch maena daet er het rumadis. "Nay," secht der knecht, "Er maent nau er waer doat, er is geshter gshtarva."

No shtaet der Levi uf un shittelt sei hussa bay un secht er waer im shtettel gewest un het am'ma eck gshtonna un yusht so rum gegoft, no het er en mon saena kuma mit aim fuss im gutter un der anner uf'em curbshtay. Es war lecherlich wie seller kerl gshnopt is. En polees mon kumt de'waeg un secht, "Joe, du bisht witter gsuffa." No guckt der kerl an sich nunner un secht. "Is sell was lets is mit mir, ich hab bei heck gemaent die gans zeit ich het en kerz bay."

—DER GUS.

Publish Date: 20 October 1938

Title: ***Es Wei Fessel Ausgelaert***

Die Buva am Shtor

Es Wei Fessel Ausgelaert.

Est war so gaeich sun unnergang, saena mir der alt Sol druna im felt shtae bei'ma butsa-mon un feishtelt wie en ferzernter lawyer. Er shtaet dert un argued fer'n ganse shtun. Wie er fert is, hut er dem butsa-mon noch emoal en fausht gemacht. No kumt er ivvers felt, awer wie er ivver die fens grotelt, is er, bei hookey, sheer gar in'de blackbeera derna gfalla.

Wie er uf'de shtor borch kumt, hen mir glei gsaena was los war. Er hut sei wei fessel ausgelaert sella miria, wie er seecht, un was er net drinka hut kenna, hut er in buttela gedu. Er shpaut so shloverich un guckt so gaeasichtich wie en rind wommer'm die ox uf'da kup shlecht. Er secht er het epawr so faulenser aw gedruffa dert druna im welshkern shtick un sie hetta yusht dert uf'da hocka shteel kunga wie so WPA kerls. Sie hetta net des sals in'da sup ferdeent.

No shpaut der alt Sol epawr moal so shloverich un rollt sie chaw duwock in der anner bocka. Wie er witter shwetsa hut kenna, secht er selle kerls daeta gucka wie rechta lumps, awer sie hetta ihm sawga wella wie zu shtimma an'da shpoot-yaeriche lection. "Dert shtaena sie noch," weist er mit seim deit finger, "un hen noch ken shtraech gshoft die gans zeit os ich do huck, no shwetsa sie fun wennicha shtuna un maener low."

Er blowst der chaw duwoch ivver die borch naus un sei bocka falla ei wie en blows-bolig wommer die luft raus lust. Awer mir all hen all genotist os sei deit finger fella weiser is wie die ivvericha finger. Der Levi explaint sell waer die hond os der alt Sol menna daet fer sei kucha dunka.

Eb der alt Sol hame is, hut er zaea pund zuker kauft uf tick. Er will kersha wei macha. Er claimt es waer nix bessers fer'n shwacher mawga. Er sut's wissa, maent der Levi, erfahdung is die besht lerning.

—Der Gus.

Publish Date: 10 November 1938

Title: ***Der Kencht is sei Kosht wert***

Die Buva am Shtor

Der Knecht Is Sei Kosht Wert

Em shlover Danny sei knecht war im shtor fer epawr socks. Er will an'en dans un die shtrimp os er letsht shpoot yawr kauft hut sin foll leches un aw nimmy gans sauver. Won er so naus gaet, guckt er uf gebutst. Er is en gooter knecht, waert en nummer fer zay collar, un sei nawma is Willie.

D erMike wickelt die socks ei un der Willie huckt sich zu uns buva un blaudert fum wetter un explaint wie mer gaes melka dut. Er ferzaelt uns die anner woch het der shlover Danny ihn ins town gshickt mit'em shpatzeer wegel em Dany seinera shwester ihra maidel, die Sissy, meeta am rigelwaeg station. Die Sissy kumt fun'da shtad un ihr shul is aus fer'da summer. Sie zaelt epawr wocha bei ihrem uncle Danny zu shpenda.

Sie is hoch gelernt un kon English shwetsa wie en lawyer, secht der Willie, awer sie waes nix fun gaes melka un is shrecklich dum won's ans brod bocka kumt. Wie sie des wind rawd erblickt hinnich'em sei shtall, guckt sie won ebber ihra uf'da kup gshlawga het. "Mei uncle mus goot sei zu seim fee," secht sie un guckt der Willie aw mit ihra grossa brauna awga wie en kuh, "zu denka das er en grosse lectric fan do he dut fer'de sei fanna." Der Willie secht "huh-huh", un lawt der misht shlidda mit kee misht.

Der Willie agreet der shlover Danny waer goot zu seim fee un aw zu seina shof leit, awer sei fraw waer ebissel knobs, sei daet em kaum genung zu esse gevva. Der anner dawg, secht er, hetta sie blot kucha katta fer breckfesht, awer er het yusht epawr grickt, yusht zwansich, No het sie ihn noch gfrookt eb er genung katta het, der daek waer all werra. Er secht er waer fum dish hungerich un waer so shwach werra bis nine uhr, er het sich he laega missa in'da fuder gang.

En knecht is sei kosht wert, cailmt der horich Hen als er en pund shtor kaes kauft fer Sundawg middawg essa.

—DER GUS